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TIRED.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

There, I am weary with this walk
Unclasp your hand, its power is passed,
And you can thrill me with your talk
No more, for I am weary at last,

Kiss me, and let me lie here so,
With eyes that ache for sleep and so
No longer; leave me alone and go,
And look not back for love of me.

I am too far to now retrace,
And all too weak to follow through;
But, kiss and cover up my face,
And I no more shall burden you.

You will be free, while behind
I lie here slumbering, out of use;
And oh, my friend, who follow, find,
But those that linger, they shall lose.

The Masked Miner

OR,

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER RAIL," "SILKEN CORP," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

LORDLY WEALTH AND HONEST POVERTY.

DESPITE the fact that the old miner had told Fairleigh Somerville that his time was precious to him, yet it was nearly twelve o'clock that night before he arose from his chair, opposite Tom Worth, who sat on the other side of the open, glowing grate, and said:

"That man, Somerville, is a rascal, Tom; but, now we'll go to bed; 'tis late."

In a few moments the light was extinguished, and there was silence in the miner's cabin.

The conversation that night between Tom Worth and his friend, old Ben Walford, was a long one—an earnest one.

More than once the old miner had uttered an exclamation of surprise, and once, in a huff, he had said:

"I tell you again, Tom, that Somerville is no friend of yours! He has money, too, and, if occasion comes, will use it against you! Do you know of any reason why he should have this spite against you?"

"He knows that I am your friend, Ben, and that neither of us would quit our old employers, and go into the 'Great Allegheny.' That is the reason—perhaps."

Tom Worth had said that "perhaps" significantly—in fact, as if he, himself, did not believe what he was saying; but old Ben had not noticed this.

The night passed—the gray dawn came—the heavy mist, and gloom, and darkness were rolling away from the black bosoms of the three rivers, uniting three in one.

From the numerous cabins on the mountain-side dark forms were issuing, and already the lofty, narrow ledge-paths of the tall hill were lively with groups of sooty miners hurrying along to their work, to relieve the "night-shift."

From the door of Ben Walford's little cabin Tom Worth and his sturdy old friend had some time since gone out. They were faithful laborers and early risers, and lingered not when the hours of work were upon them.

They took their way rapidly along the murky path, exchanging monosyllabic words of greeting with their fellow-workmen hastening on, like them, to bury themselves the live-long day deep down in the pits, and galleries, and levels of the coal mines.

Our two friends reached the shaft, and, having lit the little lamps attached to their hats, were about to enter the bucket to be lowered away, when the overseer called Tom Worth to him and gave him a letter, telling him it had come to the office late the night before.

The young man took the missive, and, drawing to one side, tore it open and read it. As his eyes fell on the hard, smooth page and glanced over the black, business-like characters written thereon, the young man started, but he read on, until he had finished it. Then, drawing, respectfully, near the overseer, he said:

"I would like to be excused to-day, Mr. Hayhurst. Mr. Harley wishes to see me, sir."

"Very good, Tom; but be back as soon as you can; you know you missed yesterday." The overseer spoke kindly.

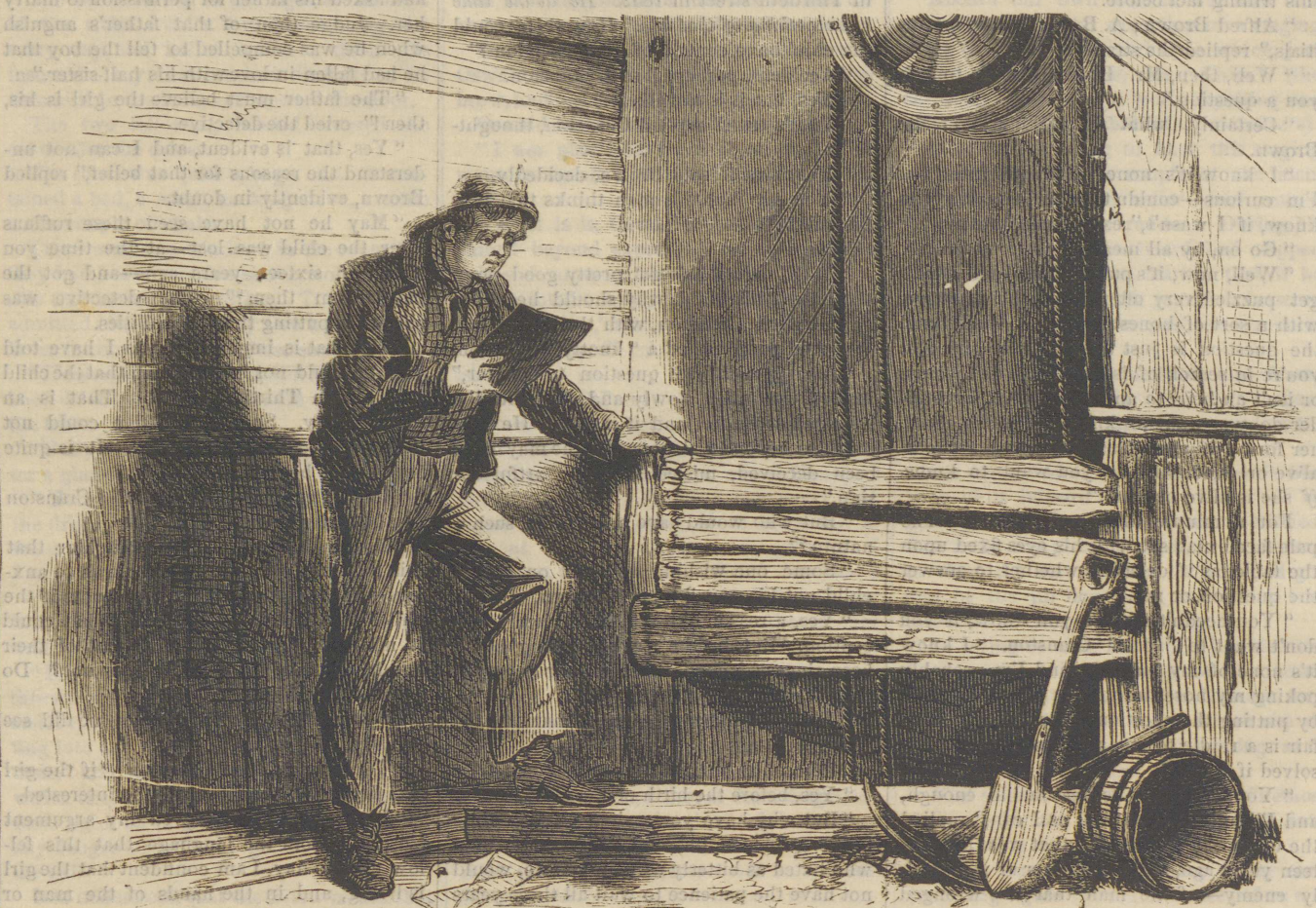
"Yes, sir; but, sir, you can stop my wages for the two days, sir," said Tom.

"Stop your wages! Not a bit of it, my man! Not a bit of it! We all know, Tom, before last on the mountain, and no man who can do such deeds shall have his pay stopped for any cause." The overseer spoke promptly and decidedly. The men standing around showed their approval in a loud murmur; but old Ben Walford said right out:

"Spoken like a man—as we all know you to be—Mr. Hayhurst! Good-by, Tom!" he continued, stepping into the large "cage" after the other men: "we'll expect you soon," and the huge bucket, with a creak and a rattle, disappeared from view.

Tom Worth, now all alone, for the overseer had turned into the coal-breaker, drew out the letter, and by the light still burning from the lamp on his hat, again perused the missive. It was not a long communication, and it read as follows:

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



BY THE LIGHT STILL BURNING FROM THE LAMP ON HIS HAT, HE PERUSED THE MISSIVE.

"No. — Stockton avenue, Allegheny City, Nov. 29, 1859.

"Tom Worth,

"Laborer at the 'Black Diamond' Mine:
"I see by the papers that you acted well, and at the risk of your own life, in saving my daughter from certain destruction on the night of the accident on Mount Washington. I would not let such gallantry go unrewarded. So, get an excuse from the overseer, and come to see me as early as you can to-morrow. Though nearly distracted over the loss of my child, yet I have reason and gratitude enough left me to be able to thank you fully, and to reward you well.

"(Signed) RICHARD HARLEY."

There was no condescension shown in this note—not at all—though it did seem as if the better nature was struggling against the conventionalities of society—its rank and position. It will be observed that Mr. Harley did not write "Dear Sir," nor even the colder, more formal "Sir," at the top of his smooth sheet. Nor at the bottom did he say "gratefully," or "truly," or even "respectfully," yours; but simply attached his signature.

Mr. Harley wished Tom Worth to understand that, in inviting him to his princely mansion, the rich ex-iron-merchant did not compromise his own position in society, nor elevate him, Tom Worth, from his, in the coal mine.

His idea was to pay the man a sum in golden dollars or crisp bank-notes, and at the same time to learn from him as much as possible in regard to the fate of his daughter, or to draw out from Tom some suggestions as to her fate. That was all, and so Tom Worth fully understood it. He smiled bitterly as he carefully refolded the letter, pushed aside his long, tawny beard, sooty and soiled, and thrust the missive into his jacket pocket.

That day, about half-past nine o'clock, a tall man, with auburn hair, and large blue eyes, his face almost entirely covered with a luxuriant mass of yellow beard and whiskers, turned into Stockton avenue, in Allegheny City. The man was clad in a rough overcoat, and pantaloons of cheap though good material.

Pausing before the gate of the Harley mansion, he hesitated for a moment, and then walking up the gravelled walk to the door, rang the bell with decided energy. The broad hall within speedily echoed to hasty steps. Then the door was opened, and a man in rich livery stood there.

"Your business?" he asked, gruffly, scrutinizing the coarse garb of him who had polluted the silver door-knob by his plebeian touch.

"To your master I'll tell it; is he at home?"

"The servant's face in an instant reddened.

"I have no master, I can tell you, my fine fellow!" he said; "Mr. Harley is my employer."

"'Tis all one; is he at home?"

"Yes, but—"

"All right; I have a letter from him, requesting me to call. Is he at home for visitors?"

"Yes, sir! Excuse me! Come in," and the servant at once changed his deportment, bowed the man into the house, and then into the gorgeous parlor.

As he entered this apartment, Tom Worth—it was he—started, trembled. Glancing around him quickly, he strode across the room to the opposite wall, on which hung a portrait of Grace Harley—an elegant work of art, portraying the young girl in all her ravishing beauty when seventeen years of age.

For a whole minute the miner stood there, gazing at the picture glowing on the canvas, which seemed as if it might almost speak to him. He heeded not the elegance and ex-

travagant show of wealth by which he was surrounded; but gazed into the angelic face suspended above him, and, with clasped hands, murmured:

"Oh, Grace! God be with you in your dark hour. You shall be saved! Will it be for me to—"

The returning footsteps of the servant warned him that other ears were not far off. He quickly seated himself as the man appeared and said:

"Mr. Harley is now ready to receive you—follow me."

Taking up his coarse hat, the miner strode close behind the servant to the library.

Mr. Harley was standing contentedly before the open grate, his hands behind him. He glanced with a keen scrutiny at his visitor.

Lordly Wealth and honest Poverty stood face to face.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM WORTH'S OPINION.

TOM WORTH stood quietly in that majestic presence; he was not at all abashed, but rather he seemed to draw up his own superb, stalwart form, more loftily.

For a moment the old gentleman gazed upon his visitor; and then, frowning his seals, which dangled in profusion over his richly-clad bosom, he said, as if forgetting himself:

"Be seated, my man—Mr. Worth—I suppose that is your name?"

"Yes, sir; but, if your business with me is brief, I prefer to stand, sir," said Tom Worth, glancing with some hauteur at the rich man, who, though he pointed his visitor to a seat, made no sign of taking one himself.

"Ah! excuse me! Please be seated, Mr. Worth. I desire to have a little talk with you," and the rich old gentleman set the example and took a seat himself.

Tom took the proffered chair, retaining his coarse hat between his hands.

"Will you take some refreshments, sir—a little Spanish wine, perhaps?" said the rich man, evidently constrained into respect and deference by the deportment of his guest.

"No, sir, thank you," returned the other; "I have breakfasted well."

Mr. Harley started as he heard the words, spoken so courteously—so correctly.

"Your voice sounds strangely familiar to me, Mr. Worth. Have I seen you before?" suddenly asked Mr. Harley.

It was now Tom Worth's time to be startled. For a moment, and a moment only, a flush passed over his face. It was quickly gone.

"No doubt, sir; I have been in Pittsburgh for many months, and I have often seen you, sir."

"Yes, yes; and were you born here?"

"I was born, not here, but—"

"Where did you come from, then?" asked the old gentleman.

Tom Worth reddened again, and bit his lip, viciously; but the angry gesture was hid beneath the heavy mustache that shaded his mouth, and swept down, far over the hirsute chin.

"Many, many miles from here, Mr. Harley; but, sir, 'tis a long story to tell, and my life is far from being an interesting one. You sent for me to make inquiries concerning your daughter?"

"Thank you!" he said deeply, and this time, the real man—the father, spoke; "thank you, Mr. Worth, for your reminder. I sent for you to ask you what you knew of that outrageous affair—of the part you took in it, and to show my gratitude to you, for your noble conduct. Alas! alas! my poor, dear child!"

"I sincerely hope all may be well with her, Mr. Harley," said Tom Worth, sympathizingly. He spoke very earnestly, very warmly, and the old man again glanced at him. But Tom Worth had bowed his head low down; his eyes were invisible.

At length he looked up, his face calm and imperturbable.

"As time is precious with me, Mr. Harley—I am a laboring man, you know, sir—I will tell you, in a few words, all I know of this painful affair."

"Yes, Mr. Worth, go on."

"I was detained from going to my cabin, night before last, by certain circumstances, and found myself on the Mount Washington road, up on the ledge. I was seated by the roadside when I heard wheels. The vehicle evidently was going at a rapid pace. I looked up; As I did so, I saw two forms dart out from the roadside, and dash for the carriage—an open buggy. One of the men clutched the horses by the bridle; the other went straight to the carriage. A lady and a gentleman sat in that carriage. A struggle ensued, in which the gentleman either fell from the vehicle, or was hurled from it."

Tom Worth paused as he emphasized "fell," but continued at once:

"The horses took fright, and broke by the man who stood at their head. I had remained still, until now, scarcely able to realize matters. But suddenly my energies were aroused, and as the frightened horses dashed past me, straight for the brink of the precipice, I sprang forward, caught them by the head-reins, and by severe efforts, succeeded in checking them. Pressing them safely back, and quieting them, I approached the carriage. The lady was paralyzed with fear, and that lady, sir, was Grace—your daughter. At that moment I was struck senseless. When I recovered my reason—and an hour must have elapsed—I found no one on the road save myself."

He paused.

"Is that all you know, my good man, of this terrible affair?"

Tom Worth did not answer at once. As a shade of anxiety passed over his face, he pondered. Then he answered promptly:

"How could I know more, Mr. Harley? Remember, I had gone down under the blow—that my senses had forsaken me."

"True, true; and, Mr. Worth, what were you doing—did you say?—on the mountain?"

An angry flush passed over Tom Worth's face, but he controlled himself, though he answered very sternly:

"On my own business, sir."

"Ah! exactly," said Mr. Harley, looking foolish.

Several moments elapsed in silence. Tom Worth, glancing around him, rose to go.

"One moment, Mr. Worth," exclaimed the old gentleman, unwilling to let him go; "have you thought on this subject any—have you formed an opinion?" and his eyes strained into the other's face, as if endeavoring to gain from it some clue, some hope.

The miner hesitated, while a dark scowl wrinkled his handsome, honest face; but he sat down again.

"It is not for me, a poor man, an humble miner, Mr. Harley, to have any opinion at all in a matter of this sort. I chanced to be on the mountain, and saw what transpired. Had I not been there, of course I would have known nothing of it," was his singular reply.

"All true, Mr. Worth," continued the old man, still hoping as it were, against hope—longing for some information, however meager, in regard to the whereabouts of his daughter; "but, sir, you are a man of judgment—you must be, from your courage and

nerve. It is hardly possible that you have not an opinion in this matter. Tell me if you have."

Tom Worth pondered again, his face was very serious, and now and then it contracted, as thought after thought crowded through his mind.

"I am a poor man, Mr. Harley, though thus far I am an honest one; but, sir," he said suddenly, "my word is nothing when money can be brought against it."

"What mean you?" demanded the old gentleman.

"—And my opinion, coming as it would, from a poor man's lips, is, simply, worth nothing," continued the miner, unheeding the interruption.

"Again, what do you mean?" asked the rich man.

"—Though, for all that, I have my opinion, Mr. Harley," said the miner, finishing his sentence, and paying no attention to the old man's questions.

"Well, what is your opinion?" asked Mr. Harley.

"I should have more properly said—suspicions, sir," said Worth, quietly.

"Suspicions! and of what?" asked the old gentleman, starting violently.

"Suspicions, sir, as to the motive prompting this fiendish outrage," and the scowl on Tom Worth's face grew blacker; "likewise as to who committed that glaring crime, right here in the midst of a great city," and Tom Worth gazed fixedly and unflinchingly into the rich man's face.

Old Mr. Harley sprang to his feet.

"Say you so, say you so, my good man? Make good your suspicions and surmises, and you can command my purse, for any amount. And here, now, beforehand, for your gallantry on the hill, accept this purse. It contains bank-notes to the amount of \$500. Take it, sir," and he thrust the well-filled purse into the miner's hands.

But Tom Worth's fingers did not close over that purse, within which the new bank-notes crisped and crackled; he put it away from him with a motion of disgust, with a firmness so decided, that it was almost rude.

"No, sir! my conduct can not be made marketable, Mr. Harley! I can not even thank you for the offer, for it is an insult to an honest man's pride and sense of duty."

The old ex-merchant recoiled with amazement, almost speechless with astonishment. Never before had he met such a man!

"What!" he gasped, "not take money, and you so poor, as you, yourself, say?"

"True, sir, I will not take the money, and though very poor, am still rich enough to refuse your offer."

The old man sat down, almost beside himself with astonishment and incredulity. Recovering, however, from his stupor, he looked up and said:

"Very good then, Mr. Worth; but, sir, tell me if you please, what you suspect in regard to this matter."

"The prompting motive, sir, was a contemptible one—a dark one—one which you, as a rich man, may surmise," and Tom Worth looked straight at the old man.

"I understand you, sir," said the father, in a slow, labored voice, as the red blood flowed away from his cheeks; "and, my good man, the PERPETRATOR!" and his voice sunk to a whisper.

"One, sir, of whom you think a great deal—one who has money; none less, sir, than your friend."

At that moment a loud ring on the bell startled them, and in a second a note was handed in. The old gentleman took it, opened it, half-impatiently, as if he disliked the interruption.

As his eyes fell upon the sheet, a sudden frown wrinkled his face. He glanced fiercely at Tom Worth, then nervously, anxiously, at the clock, and a smile of angry satisfaction swept over his face.

Just then heavy steps echoed on the gravelled walk outside, coming from the street, and then the bell rung again. In a minute more, the hall of the rich man's house was filled with men, and old Richard Harley rubbed his hands with joy.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSNARED.

It may be well for us at this point to return briefly to the mountain road that dreary night, which witnessed there the outrage recorded.

When her unknown friend in her hour of greatest danger—and the reader knows that friend, though the maiden did not—had sprung forward and caught the horses, Grace Harley, overcome by terror, swooned and sunk down moaning in the foot of the carriage. It is true, she did not swoon until, as she thought, her protector had suddenly disappeared.

Grace was awakened by some one dashing water in her face, from a cup which had been improvised as a basin.

She shivered and struggled to her feet, but quickly sunk backward on the seat, with a groan of terror, and a half-shriek of alarm. She had only time to glance around her, but that glance revealed to her three figures—one standing on each side of the carriage, and the third being erect in the buggy. He it was who held the cup of water, and was endeavoring to restore her to consciousness.

In another moment a rough bandage was thrown rudely over her eyes, and then, in an instant, a gag was slipped between her teeth and secured, and her slender wrists were bound viciously together. All this occupied but a moment, and before the girl could utter a note of alarm or a cry for help.

For a moment a hurried conversation was carried on by her captors, in a tone so low

and guarded that she heard not a single word, nor even the tones of the men, sufficiently distinct for her to recognize them, if she should know them.

At the end of this conference, the party evidently separated, for the girl heard steps moving away.

Only a few moments elapsed before she recognized the crunching of wheels on the hard road, and the rough tones of a man, speaking in a subdued voice to the horse. The vehicle, paused by the light carriage. The maiden was at once lifted from the latter, and in an instant a soft cord was passed around her ankles, entirely preventing the use of her limbs, being now literally "bound hand and foot." Then she was placed inside the vehicle, which, it was plain to her, from its roominess, was an open spring, or Jersey, wagon. She was laid on the hard bottom of the wagon, and a heavy cloak thrown over her.

Her efforts were vain, and in a kind of half-stupor she lay still, scarcely breathing, praying at the same time to die, and be rid of this worse than death. Then she heard a man ascend to the broad board in front of the wagon-body, which served as a seat; and then, another mounted likewise.

In a moment, regardless of the comfort of the tender maiden, lying so helpless in the wagon, the driver lashed the horse, and away they rattled at a break-neck pace down the steep mountain road.

At length the wagon came down to a more moderate pace; then it was evident, that, at last, they were going down the sharp declivity of the Mount Washington road toward the Smithfield-street bridge. Continuing on, for a few minutes, the wagon suddenly rolled over hard, smooth, well-worn timbers, and paused.

Then the voice of the toll-keeper sounded strangely familiar on the poor girl's ear, and she, though but a few feet from him, could not appeal to him.

"Where are you bound, Tom?" asked the man, as he was handing the change back, of the fellow who drove the horse.

"My name's in everybody's mouth! But, I am bound on my own business, and that's not yours!" was the rough reply, in a harsh voice, as the speaker struck the horse, and the wagon moved on.

Under the glaring gas-lamp this man bore a striking resemblance to Tom Worth.

Once across the bridge, the wagon again rattled on over the pavement of the street. It turned here and there, tore around this corner and climbed that hill, as Grace Harley could easily tell by the swaying, and swinging of the vehicle, and by the manner in which she was thrown so rudely from side to side.

On and on went the wagon, first into this street, then into that; now going at a rapid pace, now slowly climbing a long, laborious hill, now descending this same hill.

Still no word had been spoken by those grim men who carried the maiden away, a silent, unresisting prisoner.

At length the wagon paused, and one of the men sprang to the ground. In an instant creaking chains were heard, and low words spoken to the panting horse. Then the man speedily remounted, and struck the animal with the whip. Again the wagon rattled on. Something had broken about the harness.

The vehicle was now going up another long, steep hill. The wheels creaked, and the labored breathing of the horse told that the ascent was heavy.

The air grew fresher, and the wind howled dimly through the open cracks in the wagon, and with its damp breath, chilled the maiden through and through.

Louder wailed the wind; colder grew its wet breath. It was plain to the girl that they were approaching some sparsely-settled portion of the city—most probably the top of some one of the big hills surrounding the place, or it might be, in the country.

The girl shuddered.

Suddenly, with a creak and a groan from the wheels, and a deep, labored pant from the horse, the wagon paused. The men leaped quickly to the ground, lifted the cramped form of the girl from her painful posture, and unbinding her feet, but leaving the blindfold and the gag on, and her wrists secured, bore her from the wagon.

The ominous click of a lock sounded on the air. The girl felt herself borne into a warmer, more genial atmosphere.

She was placed upon her feet. The men retreated, and locked the door behind them. Grace Harley was all alone in that dark, silent room.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 15.)

REASONS WHY

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL is, in many respects, THE MODEL WEEKLY OF AMERICA:

First: Its type being clear, and readable, it is read with pleasure, and not labor, by old and young eyes.

Second: Its serials, being short, and the best of an immense number at our disposal, we give greater variety, and greater merit of matter than any other weekly. No padding, is the word with us; no threadbare narratives—no three-fold tales—no sentimental twaddle; such as too often fill the columns of many "popular" papers.

Third: Its short stories, sketches of life and character, narratives of adventure and peril, tales of the health and home, popular essays on the topics, miscellaneous departments, grave and gay, all are so filled with the spirit of wide awake journalism that no person can glance over its columns without finding much to interest, amuse and instruct.

Fourth: It contains not a paragraph or line that may not be read aloud in the Family Circle.

The Ace of Spades: OR, IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A HUMAN BLOODHOUND.

For a few moments the detective remained silent. His brows were knitted as if in deep thought and his eyes were fixed upon the floor. He was evidently in that state of mind called a "brown study." Some difficult problem puzzled him.

"I beg pardon," he said, suddenly, raising his eyes from the floor, and fixing them upon the pale stranger. "Mr.—, Mr.—, by the way, I believe I don't know your name." The detective had never thought of this trifling fact before.

"Alfred Brown; A. B., you know, my initials," replied the stranger.

"Well, then, Mr. Brown, I want to ask you a question."

"Certainly, what is it?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I know it's none of my business, but I'm curious—couldn't be a detective, you know, if I wasn't," explained Cranston.

"Go on, by all means."

"Well, now, it's puzzled me—and I don't get puzzled very often," said the detective, with a sort of honest pride. "Well, now, the question is just this: if this girl that you're in search of isn't a relative of yours, or isn't an heir to an estate, what in thunder do you want to know any thing about her for? If you don't care whether she is alive or dead, why do you want to know if she is alive or dead?"

For a minute there was silence. The pale-faced man sat with his eyes fixed upon the table, as if debating whether to answer the question or not.

"You needn't answer, you know, if you don't want to," cried Cranston. "I know it's none of my business, and I'm probably poking my nose into other people's affairs by putting the question. But the whole affair is a riddle to me, and I want to have it solved if I can."

"Your question is reasonable enough, and I'll answer it as well as I can," replied the other. "This child, that was lost sixteen years ago, is the daughter of my deadly enemy—the man that has wronged me so bitterly that death could hardly atone for that wrong. As I have said, this child was lost sixteen years ago; yet not ten days back, I return to New York—I have been away since 1852—and I find this man, with a girl whom he calls his daughter, privately. In the world he does not recognize her. This girl is about seventeen, just the age that the infant that was lost would have been, and yet I am sure that she is not the lost infant grown to girlhood. I am sure that she is not his daughter, although he himself thinks that she is. Now, through the aid of these villains, I wish to trace the career of the lost child. Prove her dead; or if living, find out where she is. Brought up, as she must have been—if she has lived—in the midst of shame and crime, it is not difficult to guess what she would probably be now. Then comes the first act of my vengeance. I will go to this man. I will say to him: 'This girl that you have reared is not the child of—' well, never mind the name. 'She is not your daughter. Your child is dead,' or, 'Your child is now an inmate of the low dens in Water street; your crime in part has worked out its own retribution.'"

Cold as ice dropped the terrible words from the pale, bloodless lips. Had it been the face of a statue, the features of the stranger could not have been more calm, could not have shown less trace of passion. The detective looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"Jerusalem!" muttered Cranston, between his teeth. "Why, you're coming down on this man just like we detectives come down on a criminal after we've got the proofs to convict him," he said aloud.

"The simile is correct," answered the other, as coldly and as passionless as before. "This man is a criminal. I am the detective on his track. But his crime is one that the laws rarely punish. We hang the man who stabs a dagger to another man's heart. But we laugh at that gentleman who steals the love of a married woman—robs the husband of the light and joy of his home—makes his life desolate forever and strikes him to the heart with a shaft sharper far than any ever forged by smith out of steel. The law will not punish my foe as he deserves to be punished, therefore, I take the law in my own hands. His child dead, or leading a life of crime, is the first blow that I shall aim at him. The second, I shall think of hereafter."

The detective looked at the man before him—who thus, without trace of passion, told of the dreadful vengeance that he was about to grasp in his hands and hurl at the head of his foe—with a half-shudder. Cranston, in his stormy life, in his adventures with criminals—many of them desperate adventurers—had seen determined men, angry men; men reckless of life and welcoming death, as it were, with open hands; yet he had never seen any thing that impressed him so forcibly; that seemed so full of hidden terror, as the cold, passionless manner of the pale man before him. It is the same feeling that forces itself upon the mind as we stand on the ocean-washed rock and gaze out over the white-capped deep—a sense of irresistible power.

The detective drew a long breath.

"This sounds just like a story!" said Cranston.

"The history of every man is a story," replied the other. "Some of them so terrible that if they were to be put in print, the world would throw up their hands and cry, 'Impossible!' as if there could be any thing impossible in nature, except what the Creator has ordained should be so."

"That's true!" replied the detective.

"You see, I break no law. Like my foe, I sin—for man's vengeance is *always* sin, no matter what the justification—but like him, sin lawfully," said Brown, with a bitter smile.

"Yes, but what grounds have you for thinking that this girl that this man you speak of, calls his daughter, is not his daughter?" asked Cranston.

"Because his daughter was the child lost in Thirtieth street in 1852. He at the time knew nothing of that loss. How then could the child have come into his possession?"

"Accident, perhaps," said Cranston.

"Yes, but it is not likely."

"That's true," replied Cranston, thoughtfully.

"Very true!" said Brown, decidedly.

"You say that this man thinks that it is his child?"

"Yes."

"Well, unless he's got pretty good proof that she is his child, why should he think so?" asked Cranston, with the air of one who had propounded a "knotty" question.

"That is a difficult question to answer," replied the other, slowly and thoughtfully.

"I can not understand it myself. He does think so beyond a doubt. But he may have been deceived, misled by some artful design."

"But who would have a design of such a nature?"

"Some one wishing to palm on him a child not his own," replied Brown.

"Yes, a reason like that would lead to deception. But, by the way, how long has it been since this man became your enemy?" asked Cranston.

"Nearly eighteen years ago," answered the other.

"Before the birth of this child?"

"Yes, before the birth of the child."

"But why have you waited all this time for vengeance? I should think that a man who hated as bitterly as you seem to, would not have the patience to wait all these years for vengeance. Unless you have waited for this child to grow up so as to make it more terrible."

"No," answered the other, "if that had been the case, I should not have lost sight of the girl."

"What then is the reason?"

"I have been asleep," returned Brown, with a strange expression upon his features.

"Asleep?" cried the detective in wonder.

"Yes, asleep for sixteen years."

The detective winked his eyes as if to ask himself if he was awake.

"I'm either asleep," he thought, "or talking with a madman."

"I don't understand it!" Cranston cried aloud.

"Neither do I."

"What?" The shrewd, clever detective began to be doubtful whether he wasn't going mad as well as the other.

"I mean," explained Brown, with a sad smile upon his pale, careworn features, "that I can not understand why Heaven should permit a man to sleep for sixteen years and then suddenly wake him back to life again, unless it is fated that I, and I alone, am destined to humble and punish this man, who for sixteen years has gone unpunished."

"Sixteen years!" exclaimed the detective, unable to get over the mystery, which he could neither understand nor explain.

"It is a long time," said Brown, with a sigh, called forth apparently by thoughts of his lost life.

"Well, I should say that it was!" cried Cranston; "why it's almost as bad as Rip Van Winkle, and everybody knows that's all humbug."

"Mine was a sad reality," replied the other.

"Do you really mean to say that you slept for sixteen years?" said the detective, almost unable to credit his own hearing.

"Yes," there was no want of firmness in the answer.

"Well!" the detective was staggered. This was something entirely beyond his comprehension. "I always thought old Rip was a lie, but since you say that you slept sixteen years, I don't know why the old Dutchman, who was used to the business, couldn't have seen you and 'gone four better'!"

"I see you doubt me," said Brown.

"Well, if it was a different kind of a man from you, I'd tell him he lied, right out," said Cranston, honestly. "But you seem to be so serious about the matter, and I don't see what reason you have to 'stuff' me in the premises."

"I haven't any," replied the strange Mr. Brown. "As I am a living man, I slept for sixteen long, weary years—years that passed away in a dream. Rip Van Winkle at the end of his sleep was an aged man, aged both in body and mind. I wake from mine, as young in brain as when the sleep came upon me, and but little older in body. The same thought that filled my head then, fills it now. One thought only, vengeance on the man that has wronged me. This terrible sleep came upon me when I was following on his track; I wake and again take the same road."

"Well, I give in 'dead beat'!" cried Cranston. "I've always flattered myself that

I've seen a little of life, but this is away ahead of my time."

"It is one of those strange things that happen sometimes in the world," replied the other.

"Why, Mr. Brown, I never came across any thing like it in my life."

"A different path for different men."

"Yes, that's true," said Cranston; "but speaking of this man and of the false daughter, that he thinks is the true one: I can't understand how he can think so if she isn't the right one." The idea bothered the detective.

"That I do not know, but I am sure he does think so. I will tell you why. This girl has been reared away from New York. A month or so since, the father brought her home, not revealing, however, to any one that she was his child. This man's own son, a youth of twenty, fell in love with the girl, and asked his father for permission to marry her. Judge then of that father's anguish when he was compelled to tell the boy that he had fallen in love with his half-sister."

"The father must believe the girl is his, then!" cried the detective.

"Yes, that is evident, and I can not understand the reasons for that belief," replied Brown, evidently in doubt.

"May he not have seen these ruffians after the child was lost—at the time you speak of, sixteen years ago—and got the child from them?" The detective was shrewdly putting the probabilities.

"No, that is impossible. As I have told you, he could not have known that the child was lost in Thirtieth street. That is an impossibility. Such knowledge could not have come to him in any way. It is quite beyond the bounds of accident."

"Then I can't account for it!" Cranston was bewildered.

"Besides, if this is the true daughter that this man has, why are these fellows so anxious—as anxious they are—to know if the child is an heir to an estate? What could it matter to them, if she is out of their hands, whether she is an heir or not? Do you see the point?"

It was so plain that the detective did see it easily.

"That's true," said Cranston; "if the girl was dead, too, they wouldn't be interested."

"I see you have followed my argument closely. From the language that this fellow used to-day, I am confident that the girl is living, and in the hands of the man or men of whom this Curly Rocks is the representative. Perhaps she is the wife of one of these roughts, or perhaps, worse still."

"By George!" cried the detective, suddenly; "why, you've got a sure clue to the child's identity. Don't your advertisement say a peculiar mark on the left shoulder?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's plain enough. See the left shoulder of this daughter and that settles the question."

"You forget," said Brown, coldly; "the mark was on the shoulder of an infant, hardly a year old. It would not be apt to be there now. 'Twas but a slight blemish. It must be a terrible scar to remain visible from infancy to girlhood."

"Yes, but the father would have known the child, when a child, by the mark."

"The father did not know that the child was marked," returned Brown.

"More mystery," said Cranston, whose usually clear head was already bewildered by the strange things he had heard.

"Yes, but time will solve it," said Brown, sternly.

"I might as well resume my post; you may have more visitors," observed Cranston. The detective beat a retreat down-stairs.

"If he is a madman, he's the most practical one that I ever saw!" exclaimed Cranston, as he descended.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHORTY MAKES A BARGAIN.

We will now return to the "Marquis" and Jim, whom we left in Water street. Standing near the door of the dance-house, they waited for the return of Shorty, the newsboy, who had gone on an exploring expedition to the house in the rear to discover, if possible, signs of the lost girl.

In about a quarter of an hour after Shorty's departure, he returned, greatly to the relief of the "Marquis," whose feelings at the loss of Iola can better be imagined than described.

"Well, did you find her?" Catterton eagerly asked.

"No, sir-ee," replied the newsboy; "she ain't in the crib in the rear, 'cos I've been 'bout all through it. You see I went into every room an' axed 'em if they wanted to buy some matches, an' I just talked to Irish Molly—that's English Bill's cook—like a Dutch uncle. Well, I did, now; an' Bill ain't been home since this mornin'."

"What shall we do?" said Catterton, almost in despair.

"Did she go off in a hack?" asked the newsboy, eagerly, as a sudden idea came to him.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the "Marquis," quickly, catching a ray of hope from the newsboy's manner.

"I'll just bet all my loose 'stamps' that I know where she is!" sung out Shorty, in a defiant manner, as much as to defy contradiction.

"Indeed?—where?"

"Will you 'see' me, if I tell yer?" asked Shorty, with an eye to business. By "seeing" him, he intimated that he would like to be rewarded for his services that were to be rendered.

"Yes, yes, I'll give you a five-dollar note if you succeed in finding her!" cried Catterton.

"How much?" yelled Shorty, in astonishment.

"Five dollars!"

"Say it ag'in," demanded our hero, his eyes as big as saucers.

"Five dollars!" repeated Catterton.

"Say, you ain't crazy, are you?" cried Shorty, beginning to have doubts about earning five dollars so easily.

"No, no, of course not!" cried the "Marquis," impatiently. "If you can put me on the track of Iola, so that I can find her, you shall have the money."

Then another doubt entered the mind of the newsboy. He approached Catterton, and lowered his voice as he spoke.

"Say, sport, you ain't the cashier of a National Bank, are you?"

"No, no!"

"Hain't been makin' a raise out of government bonds, eh?" Shorty had read the papers he sold, and understood the prevalent way of becoming suddenly rich in New York.

"No."

"Are you a politician—one of the ring?"

"No."

"Say, do you live in New York?"

"Yes; why do you ask?" said Catterton, in wonder.

"Are you in the revenue service?"

"No!"

Shorty was astonished.

"He lives in New York—he ain't a cashier of a bank, nor a politician, nor a bond-robber, nor a revenue cuss—an' he's got five dollars to give 'way for nothin'!" muttered the newsboy, in astonishment.

"Well, will you give me the information?" asked Catterton, impatiently.

"An' you'll fork over five dollars if you find the gal?"

"Yes."

"Bully for you!" cried Shorty in glee; "why, you're a red-hotter rooster than I am! Five dollars! why, I'll just go and board at the Fifth avenue hotel."

"Where do you think Bill has taken the girl?" questioned Catterton.

"Do you know Patsy Duke?"

"No."

"Why, he drives a hack, an' keeps a rat-pit up in Fortieth street, right near Turtle Bay. Don't you know where it is?" asked Shorty, in astonishment.

The "Marquis," though pretty well acquainted with all the "spots" in the great metropolis, was obliged to confess his ignorance of Patsy Duke's place of amusement.

"He calls it the 'Dew Drop.' I know I 'dropped' a quarter there one night—a bettin' on a 'chicken dispute.' I tell you, sport, roosters ain't the things for to put your 'stamps' on now," said the boy, with a melancholy air.

The streets of a great city is not the place to rear boys and make good, honest men of them. The air is filled with vice, and contagion is borne on the breeze; the young are imitators; is it a wonder that they ape the evil habits of their elders?

"You think, then, that Bill will be likely to carry the girl there?" asked Catterton.

"That's the size of it!" answered Shorty, by which expression he meant to say that he did think so. The "Street Arab" of New York is as much given to the use of slang as are his brothers in Paris and London; and we doubt if, for wit and sharpness, either can much excel their young relative.

"You see," continued the boy, "Patsy's got a large tumble-down sort of an old wooden barracks up there. The rat-pit's down in the cellar, so that the police can't spile the fun; and then there's a whisky mill (liquor store) on the ground-floor, an' the rest is rooms wot he lets out. But he don't let out many, 'cos it ain't fit for a first-class croton-water bug for to stay in; he'd jest walk off on his left ear, lively."

"Will you be able to find out if Iola is there or not?" asked the "Marquis."

"In course I will," answered the boy, confidently. "I'll jest go right up an' bunk in there to-night. You see, I used to go up there and bunk when the old man was home, 'cos when he got his benzine in he used to make it hot for me here. You see, my dad is a 'sailor boy, so gallant and bold.' He ain't home now; the climate don't agree with him here in the winter, an' he allus goes up the river to Sing Sing for his health, reg'lar," and Shorty winked significantly.

"How long will it take you to find out?"

"See you to-morrow mornin', sport," answered Shorty.

"Very well; come to this number on Broadway," and the "Marquis" gave the newsboy his address on a card. "Come as early as you can."

"I'll be on hand now, you kin jest bet!" cried Shorty, pocketing the card. "You see, sport, they won't think I know any thing 'bout the gal, an' I kin find out easy 'nough if Bill's been there from some of the rounders. I'll jest keep my eyes open, now."

"Remember, five dollars if you succeed!" said the "Marquis."

"Jest you take a photograph of that five dollars, 'cos I'll go for it to-morrow mornin', sure." And with this speech the newsboy departed on his mission, while Catterton and Jim slowly retraced their steps to Broadway.

"I can do nothing but wait," said the "Marquis," in a fever of impatience. "If I could only call in the strong arm of the law, how quick I'd tear the girl from him!"

"Vell, it's an ugly case," said Jim, thoughtfully. "For hif the boy finds that the girl is in this 'ouse, where 'e thinks she

his, it's going for to worry us for to get 'er out."

"I'll think of some plan to save her if I can only discover where she is. I have the strangest feeling in my breast for this girl. I don't know why I should be so anxious about her. I couldn't feel worse about the affair if she were my own sister."

"Why, it's as plain as can be, you know," said Jim; "you're in love with the girl."

"By Jove!" the thought for the first time occurring to him; "perhaps I am."

"Perhaps!" exclaimed Jim; "why, him course you are. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

"I've always regarded her as a child."

"A child! The girls that are brought hup in the streets of New York are women at fifteen. It's an 'ot-ouse life, an' like the 'ot-ouse flowers, they dies early."

"I'll rescue her first, and then I'll find out the true state of my feelings, afterward."

"That's very sensible," replied Jim.

As the "Marquis" had truly said, he had nothing to do but wait; but, oh! how hard it is to wait sometimes!

We will now return to Iola and English Bill, who, seated in the hack, were being borne rapidly up-town.

At last the hack stopped.

Iola could see that all without was dark. The hack had evidently halted in some unfrequented street, far from the busy whirl of city life.

Then to her quick ear came the sound of waves dashing against a pier. It was evident, then, that she was by the river, but whether it was the East or North river, she could not even guess.

Bill opened the carriage-window on the left, and put his head out, at the same time keeping a firm grip upon Iola's arm.

The driver of the hack had dismounted, and coming to the side of the carriage, held quite a consultation with Bill.

Iola, though listening intently, could not overhear a word of the conversation, which the two men carried on in whispers.

The conversation ended, Bill shut the window, and the hack-driver left the side of the carriage. The driver did not resume his seat upon the box, but went up the street.

Iola, after they had remained some ten minutes without proceeding onward, began to wonder at the meaning of the delay.

"You're pretty near home," said Bill, surveying Iola with a grin of triumph.

"Home!" exclaimed Iola.

"Yes, your home for the present, an' one which I think will bother your lover to find out," replied Bill.

At that moment the hack-driver returned, and his arrival put a stop to the conversation.

"It's all right," said the driver, opening the door of the carriage.

"Come, get out," said Bill, addressing Iola.

Without a word the girl obeyed. Resistance at present she knew would be useless.

"Come on, Bill," said the hack-driver, leading the way.

"Now, don't you try to kick up any fuss, 'cos it won't do you a bit of good," remarked Bill, drawing the arm of the girl within his own. "An' don't you try to run, 'cos I've got hold on you tight. Just you come peaceably, an' it will be the best for you in the end."

Iola did not reply; her heart was too full for words. She fully realized the danger of her position. Every step she took was taking her further and further away from the only one in all the wide world that she cared for. The future was all dark; no ray of hope gleamed through the clouds of despair that surrounded her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PRISON OF THE STREET-SWEEPER.

AFTER walking two blocks, the hack-driver, who led the way, turned to the left and took a street leading from the river, parallel with which the three had been walking. Bill and Iola followed. A few hundred feet up the street, and the guide stopped before a two-story wooden house, that looked like a relic of bygone years, and was terribly out of repair. The lower floor of the house was occupied by a liquor store; one of those licensed dens of infamy where poison is retailed by the glass; where the poor—who really suffer for bread sometimes—spend their scanty earnings for the liquid fire that destroys alike both body and soul.

No light shone from the windows above the liquor store; all was dark and dismal. The house was apparently tenanted.

The hack-driver opened a small door by the side of the liquor store; the door was evidently the entrance to the rest of the house.

"Wait here, Bill," said the driver, closing the door behind the rough and the girl, after they had entered. "Wait till I get a light. I won't be a minute." And then the driver walked off through the darkness of the entry as if the way was perfectly familiar to him, which indeed it was.

The fall of the man's steps rung out with a hollow sound as he strode along the passage-way.

In the darkness and in silence the two waited for the return of the driver. English Bill was revolving in his mind a certain plan of vengeance, and in that plan Catterton, the "Marquis," was to figure, and his position was to be a very prominent one indeed.

And Iola? What were her thoughts? The poor girl could hardly have told, so many thoughts were passing rapidly across her brain. In the few minutes that she stood there in the dark, her whole life, from her

childhood upward, passed quickly in review before her; and what a life of misery hers had been! It was relieved by one ray of light only, and that ray was shed upon her path when Daniel Catterton came upon it. How bitter, then, were her thoughts when she reflected that perhaps she would never see him again.

A light glimmered along the dark, narrow entry. It came from a lighted candle borne in the hands of the hack-driver.

By the light of the candle the girl could see that at the end of the entry was a stairway, on the steps of which the hack-driver was standing.

"Come on, Bill!" said the man.

Bill obeyed the injunction and advanced, still keeping his grip upon Iola's arm.

Up the worn and creaky stairs—broken here and there by the tread of heavy feet—went the three.

The driver turned to the right at the head of the stairs, went a few paces along the entry-way, and halted before a door. He inserted a key, that creaked dismally as he turned it in the lock, and opened the door.

The two following behind entered the room after the driver.

The room was quite a large one. It contained a bed, a small cooking-stove, a table and a couple of chairs.

There were two windows in the room, but they had heavy wooden shutters on the outside that barred observation. The light was admitted into the room by two heart-shaped holes in the upper part of the shutters.

"How will this answer, Bill?" asked the hack-driver, setting the candle down upon the table.

"Bully!" answered Bill, emphatically, after a glance around the room.

"You won't be disturbed at all, gal," said the driver, with a grin upon his hard, brutal features. "You're 'bout the only tenant that I've got now."

"Where does that door lead to?" asked Bill, whose eyes had noticed a door in the wall to his right.

"It's only a closet," answered the driver, throwing it open and exposing to view a small closet. "There ain't any way of getting into the room or out of it, 'cept by this door," and the man pointed to the one by which they had entered. "The shutters are fixed tight, an' I guess that there won't be any danger of anybody getting in to harm the gal."

Iola understood that the fellow meant that there wasn't any danger of her getting out.

"You see, Bill, there's the best bull-terrier in the country loose in the back yard all the time, an' he's jest death on strangers, he is."

Iola saw how fully she was in the power of these dreadful men, yet even with the full knowledge of her danger, she did not despair.

"All right, Patsy; it's jest bully! You jest wait for me down-stairs; I'll be down in a minute," said Bill.

Patsy understood the hint, and took his departure.

"Now, gal, what chance do you think you'll have of gettin' out of my hands, eh?" asked Bill, in triumph.

"Do you think that you can keep me?" asked Iola, a strange light shining in her full blue eyes.

"Well, I'm goin' to try; that is, to keep you as long as I want to," replied the ruffian.

"And how long will that be?"

"That depends upon circumstances. Anyway, till this lover of yours, this 'Marquis,' is put out of the way."

"Out of the way?" asked Iola, not understanding the fearful meaning of the simple expression.

"Yes, until he's dead!" cried Bill, brutally; "do you understand that better?"

"And are you going to put him out of the way?" asked the girl, not in the slightest degree alarmed by the threat, for she had perfect confidence that her protector was fully a match for English Bill and all his gang.

"Well I am now, jest!" cried Bill, boastfully. "I'm goin' to settle him. He won't come after you, not no more."

"I hope that you will make this attempt soon!" said Iola, quietly.

"The blazes you do!" exclaimed Bill in astonishment. "Why do you hope that?"

"Because if you try to kill him, he will probably kill you, and then I shall be free," replied Iola.

"The devil he will!" cried Bill, rather confounded by the conclusion that the girl had arrived at. "We'll see about that."

"Yes, we shall see," repeated the girl, who had perfect faith in the "Marquis'" prowess.

"I shan't give him a chance to escape this time!" cried Bill. "I'll fix him, an' as for you, my beauty, you'll stay here until he is fixed. Then if you don't do as I want you to, I pity yer, that's all," and with this covert threat, Bill left the room, locking the door behind him as he did so.

Iola was alone, no company save her own thoughts. A bitter, hard life had hers been from the cradle upward. Reared amid crime and want, the streets her school, misery her teacher, yet so far she had escaped contamination; and she lived in the hope that the future might be brighter far than the past.

Even now a prisoner, she knew not where, she did not despair; "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Iola, friendless and alone, hoped.

We will now return to the Tremaine household in Fifth avenue.

The blow that had fallen upon the two young hearts, Oswald and Essie, was indeed hard to bear; while Loyal Tremaine him-

self was not less miserable than was his son and daughter.

Another strange thing too had happened to astonish Tremaine. The old secretary, James Whitehead, had suddenly disappeared—left the house without the knowledge of any one, and without even bidding his employer good-by.

Tremaine could not understand it. The old man had not risen from his bed the day before—was apparently very sick, and yet the following morning he was gone.

Doctor Dorton, who had stepped in, told Tremaine of the conversation that he had had with the old man the previous evening. This somewhat explained his mysterious departure, and as the doctor gave it as his opinion that the secretary was not in his right mind, of course his strange action was not to be wondered at. Besides, Tremaine had so much in his own family to trouble him, that the old man and his sudden departure was soon banished from his mind.

Going into the parlor, Tremaine found Oswald sitting by the window with a gloomy brow, looking listlessly out upon the avenue.

Oswald looked up as his father entered.

"I am glad you have come, father. I want to speak with you," said the young man.

"What is it, Oswald?" asked Tremaine, pained beyond expression as he saw how pale and careworn his son looked.

"I wanted to ask your permission to go to Europe, father," said Oswald.

"To Europe?" cried Tremaine, in astonishment.

"Yes, father," answered the son. "I can not bear to stay here, to remain under the same roof with the girl that I love better than I do my own life, but whom I know it is sinful to love. Father, I can never look upon Essie as a sister, or at least, not at present. Years must come and go before I can forget this fatal love. Every time that I look in Essie's face, I feel that I love her more and more, but not as a brother should love a sister. It is a different passion from that that fills my heart. I can not conquer this love, it is stronger than I; it conquers me. And therefore, father, I thought that the best thing that I could do, would be to go abroad. Removed from her sight, I may forget her, or if not her, at least forget the love that she has inspired. I have been thinking this over all the morning, and I think that a trip to Europe will be the best thing for me."

Tremaine did not answer for a moment; the idea came so suddenly upon him that it startled him. Loyal Tremaine loved his son, and he could not bear the thought of parting with him, even for a brief time.

"And you think then that this is the only thing that can cure you?" asked Tremaine, at length.

"Yes, father, I have thought the matter over carefully and seriously. Absence may cure me. If I stay here—see this girl's face daily—love her as I do, in spite of reason, yet know that she never can be mine, though she, I and all the world were willing, it will end in my going mad!" Oswald spoke with terrible earnestness. Tremaine could not gainsay the truth of his words.

"I fear, Oswald, you are right," the father said, with a deep sigh, "and yet it is hard to think of parting with you."

"You are willing to let me go then, father?" Oswald asked.

"I leave it to your own judgment," Tremaine replied. "If you can not conquer this passion, it is better that you should go, better for you and perhaps better for Essie too."

"Poor girl," murmured Oswald; "I can judge what her feelings are by my own."

"Yes, the blow has been a terrible one for all," said Tremaine, "but I can not but remember that it was my own hand that formed the bolt."

"No, father," replied Oswald, "your sin was but a venial one, and did not deserve such a terrible retribution."

And this is the verdict of the world, "a venial sin," to steal the honor of a woman and blast a man's life. And yet there can be no judgment either in this world or hereafter more terrible than the tortures of the mind of the man who commits such a crime, and then in after life realizes fully what he has done. And these tortures Loyal Tremaine had felt.

"We will not speak of that, Oswald," said Tremaine. "I have been punished terribly, and I bow my head in submission to that punishment. If you are determined to go, go then. Remain abroad until you are cured, and then return home."

And so it was settled that on the following Saturday Oswald Tremaine should sail for Europe.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 9.)

Under the Ship.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

In the old merchantman Lady Jane, bound from New York to San Francisco, we had rounded Cape Horn, and were in sight of Desolation Island, when an off-shore gale—a perfect "screamer"—pounded upon us, driving the stout ship down upon her beam-ends, humming thunder.

Owing to the extreme violence of the gale, the "sea" was not heavy—the wind beating it flat—so that with the exception of occasional upheavings, it lay roaring in one great mass of seething foam and tingling water, not less grand or terrible in its power from this level aspect. In fact, although we

had taken in every stitch of canvas, except a close-reefed main-topsail, reefed foresail, and a topmast-staysail, we seemed drawn down, as it were, by some unseen power, into the booming, hissing surface, until our bows, like those of a fast whale-boat, were nearly submerged.

Thus dashing on, with timbers, yards and masts groaning, cracking and snapping, we saw ahead of us a little bark we had spoken on the day before, flying along stripped of all her canvas except a few streaming rags—mementoes of the carelessness of her skipper, who, for the sake of getting ahead of us, had carried sail too long.

The storm, coming with a sudden swoop, had carried his sails straight up into the scud and rack, where, for an instant seen like so many collapsed balloons, they had vanished in the black murk to leeward.

Aboard our own craft all was now tant and trim, with the exception of a staging slung over the stern, and upon which, just before the gale came, our "Chips" (the carpenter) had been at work, repairing one of the dead-lights (cabin window-shutters).

While endeavoring to haul this staging aboard, assisted by a couple of the men, this Chips—a clumsy sailor—had caused it to get foul of the rudder. During his efforts to clear it, the board had slipped under the rudder, when, fearing that, if he kept on, he would get it jammed between the rudder and the stern-post, the carpenter desisted.

The captain being notified, also feared this result, therefore he concluded to have the staging merely hauled up against the vessel's bottom, there to remain until the storm should subside, and thus permit him to haul it inboard without danger of its getting jammed in the manner mentioned. Just as he completed his task, I ran forward to clear the staysail-block, which had got foul of the jib downhaul, and which was therefore in danger of splitting.

In trying to clear the block, I leaned too far over, just as a plunge of the vessel carried her into the trough between two upheaving hillocks of water, where she remained nearly motionless, staggering as if she would never get up.

The sudden jerk sent me head foremost down under the vessel's weather bow, into the whirling, foaming sea.

There was a loud humming in my ears, twinkling lights seemed to dance before me. I realized that I was being drawn along by the suction force of the water.

As the force was not very great, I soon worked myself to the surface. This must have transpired in a few seconds, for, when I came up, I found myself just forward of the ship's counter, the staging which had been drawn up against the bottom of the vessel, within my reach. I caught at the rope rove through the hole at one end of the board, and clung firmly to it. There was just room enough between this part of the rope and the bottom of the craft for me to obtain a good hold, but I could not hope to draw myself along so as to be seen by my shipmates on deck, as the rope, all the way from this point, up the side of the vessel, to the belaying-pin to which it had been secured, was hauled tighter than a harpstring, leaving no room for the insertion of the hands between it and the ship's outside timbers. So there I was, clinging to my hold right under the ship, confined to one spot, with the vessel plunging and rolling, and the storm raging around me, unable to make my situation known to those who might have helped me.

As I was a little to windward of the keel, and the craft lay far over to leeward, I was not at present ducked under by the motions of the storm-driven craft. Had there been a heavy sea, however, I must soon have been washed from my hold, which, every moment, became weaker with the strain upon my arms. Although nearly half of my body was submerged, this strain was not so much relieved thereby, as it would have been had the vessel been stationary. Dragged along with great velocity, the occasional jerking of the ship seemed as if it would tear my shoulders apart, while the incessant humming and roaring around me almost stunning my senses, added to my torments.

While aware of the uselessness of endeavoring to make myself heard by those on deck, I shouted again and again—shouted until I was hoarse, and my throat seemed ready to crack.

I must soon let go my hold, as it was impossible to long bear this fearful strain upon my arms. Besides, the weather being quite cold, my fingers were almost benumbed, and I could not, owing to the tightness of the rope, twist the latter round my wrists, by which I might, otherwise, have obtained a good "purchase" (hold).

The water, as is common in these latitudes at the season I speak of, was warm, thus markedly contrasting with the atmosphere, which was of the temperature of a cool September afternoon in New York. Therefore my limbs were not chilled or cramped, thus enabling me to occasionally relieve myself by a slight change of posture.

This, however, I believed to be but a brief postponement of my fate. My fingers were beginning to lose their power, and the sea beneath seemed already yawning for its prey. Moreover, although darkness had not yet begun to gather, the evening was advancing, and the shadows must soon come.

Should I let go my hold, and trust to my being seen by those aboard, and picked up? Brief reflection induced me to remain where I was. In the first place, my shipmates had, by this time, probably given me up for lost, and would not be watching for me; then, again, even should they see me, no boat they might lower would live in such a gale. No alternative, therefore, seemed left save the dreary one of endeavoring to resign myself to my fate. Several times, however, I thought of letting go, and at once meeting the doom, which, the longer I postponed it, seemed the more hard to encounter. It was not of myself alone I thought, but far more of my wife and little ones at home, to whom I had confidently asserted that my voyage would be a short and prosperous one. Soon my fingers refused longer to sustain me. I was about dropping into the sea, when it struck me that I might work my arms through the place my hands had hitherto occupied. I made a desperate effort and succeeded. The strain of my weight upon the rope had widened the space. Hanging now by my arms, my position was easier, although the numbness of my wrists betokened that I must eventually give up. My feelings were beyond description. Evening was approaching; the shadows of twilight must add to the horrors of my situation. I glanced round me. Was there—was there no hope of my being saved? The wailing, shrieking storm seemed to answer in a fierce negative. Then I noticed a fearful circumstance. Hitherto the ship had been running on the starboard tack. Now, however, signs of a coming change of wind showed me that she must, ere long, go round on the larboard, in which case I would at once be buried in the waters and washed from my hold by the inclination of the craft on this side! The inclination had already commenced: I could feel the swashing, surging motions of the vessel, as she came round. God help me now! I heard the shrill creaking of yards and blocks above the storm's din, as the braces were hauled, on deck! In another moment my fate would be sealed. Lower and lower heeled the craft on my side—the water was already nearly to my armpits. I closed my eyes and said to myself, "It is all over now." At that moment I heard a shrill cry—a dozen voices in chorus, and opened my eyes to behold the bark which had been ahead of us, and which we had now overtaken, owing to the loss of her sails, a ship's length ahead, revealed by the tacking of our vessel. Leaning over the rail, gesticulating and shouting as they pointed toward me, the crew gave notice of my situation. Only for a minute did I see them—the next, the wild waters gurgled over my head as I went under, washed from my hold of the staging-rope, and unable to save myself, with my benumbed arms, by swimming. In another moment, however, I was caught in a strong grasp and hoisted aboard. A stout Swede, with a rope round his waist, had taken advantage of the tacking of the vessel, which had not yet gathered headway on her new course, to dive, seize me, and be hauled up by our shipmates above, who held to the other part of the rope. It was a narrow escape, and I pray God I may never again endure such agony as that I suffered during my two hours UNDER THE SHIP.

Hints and Helps.

The Universal Metamorphosis.—If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before; although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer reappears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface can not be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading specter of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the specter of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the specters of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession, will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it. In view of this fact, how important is it that every life should be so regulated that its specter may be neither revolting nor disquieting. If we knew that each word or deed would some day reappear, to be read and understood by others, how differently would we act! And yet it is not true that the "deeds done in the body," do so appear? The mysterious scientific experiments above indicated, open the way for a *practical demonstration* that the Bible assumption regarding the reappearance of our life-conduct, in the day of judgment, is true; and he who cares not to behold in himself what is sinful and revolting to purity, should shun the evil as a pestilence.

THE Saturday Journal

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READER AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Contributors and Correspondents.

MS. by D. L. T. A. is too imperfect for use. The author's verse is much more promising than his prose. His sonnets, if original, are indicative of talent for poetic expression. The author, however, must learn how to write with grammatical precision, or no success can follow his efforts. No stamps, MS. not preserved.

The sketch, "LA GRANGE'S REVENGE" is not available. The incident has been in print before, and is, we believe, the leading feature of a popular drama. MS. is returned.

The ballad by P. H. M., Philadelphia, is not worthy of publication. The writer's poetic machine wants the oil of thought badly on its joints and journals.

Can not use "ADVENTURE WITH A LYNX." MS. is returned. Ditto MS. "THE COQUETTE." "CONSTANT READER" is informed that Augustin Daly is the author of the drama "Under the Gaslight."

In remitting MSS. at "Book Rates," authors must be careful that the package contains nothing but manuscript. A note inclosed subjects the whole to full letter rates.

J. V. B. complains that he has to pay seven cents for our paper. Very likely. As he lives "out West," the cost of expressage on packages is such that dealers must charge more than the advertised price for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the New York Ledger, etc., in order to make it pay to keep the papers in stock.

Will not be able to use "SNAPPY POEMS." No stamps.

"BORDER ADVENTURES," by V. V., we care not to place on the accepted list. The author writes well enough to do better. He must study "how to write" with dramatic brevity and spirit. One half the space consumed would have sufficed to tell the story. MS. returned.

Can not make use of MSS. "OUR LILY"; "THE INFATUATION"; "WHAT IS IT TO ME." All are held subject to the author's call.

"IDA GRAPTON'S MARRIAGE," not being available, is returned.

We may possibly use "THE TRAGEDY OF A LIFE," and will hold the same for the present.

Edna Jennings, of Fort Wayne, sends us, as original, one of Tom Moore's finest sonnets. If Edna wants to steal with success she must pilfer from less familiar volumes than Moore's Poems.

Letters are coming to us by every mail which are marked "Due 3c.," "Due 6c.," "Due 9c.," etc., etc. Authors and correspondents must fully prepare their inclosures, as we must refuse to receive all underpaid packages.

Tales and sketches of English life and locale are not desirable. Such may be intrinsically good, but so much of that class of matter is appropriated by certain popular weeklies, from English papers and magazines, that we do not care to incur even the suspicion of having done the same thing. What is indubitably American in persons, incidents and places is preferable with the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

The author of the poem "AT THE LAKE'S SHORE" sympathizes well for the true poet's conception; but his rhythm is crude, and his knowledge of the power of words is limited. We shall have to say nay to the poem, yet bid the author to be of good cheer, and to strive by study and practice to obtain the knowledge required of rhyme, rhythm, measure and expression.

Can not use "OUR AIM IN LIFE," by Captain D. M. returned.

If authors wish to preserve their MSS., unavailable to us, they must obey orders and inclose proper stamps for return; otherwise the MSS. will be cast into the "Dead Box." Nor do we keep MSS. to "await further orders." We have far too many to handle and dispose of each day, to hunt up packages that authors have asked shall be held to await their further advice. The only way to do is to send stamps for return with each inclosure to us. That will insure a speedy remitting, if the MS. prove of no avail.

We have before us as we write a very well written MS., but it is written on foolscap, the pages are not numbered, and the sheet is left whole—all serious objections to editor and composition. Use "French letter" or "commercial" note size paper, number each page as it is written, tear each page from the sheet, and remit to us not in a roll but folded flat. Many a manuscript is neglected because editors can not be bothered with pressing out tightly rolled pages, or tormented with foolscap broadsides, mended and unfolded.

Foolscap Papers.

Railway Traveling.

WHEN you expect to go on a journey, the idea of it is pretty much all that you will find in your head for a week beforehand; and at last when the hour comes, and you have a secret foreboding that the hour might be gone and the train with it, you show your agility by running six squares, with a heavy valise, only to find when you get to the depot that the train, for the first time since you last went away, is one hour and several odd long minutes behind time.

You get your ticket and find the fare is raised. Indeed it is easier to raise than vegetables. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but eternal postage-stamps are the

price of transportation. Then you sit around, wondering at the inconvenience of running seven o'clock trains at eight, and remembering many little things which you might have done but which you left undone in your haste. You have a great curiosity to know where so many other people are bound to, but the politeness which makes you tell that countryman what the object of your journey is, prevents your asking theirs, and altogether you feel like you were upside down, with no possible chance of ever getting downside up; when, at last, the train comes, and you get aboard with a rush and find a convenient seat beside a highly colored Senator, who is not yet elected, and off you go. To add to the pleasures of this life, you find your neighbor's breath is embalmied in undying onions, and that he persists in keeping his window down, and also keeps touching your black pants with his dusty boots.

The conductor takes your ticket (after you have hunted some time for it) and puts a check into the band of your hat; in doing this he shoves your hat over your eyes so effectually that it exposes the scantiness of your back hair to two young ladies that have attracted so much of your attention at the start.

The train-boy brings around open boxes of gum-drops, which he distributes in every seat. The two countrymen in the seat ahead begin to eat theirs at once, and when the boy comes back you laugh yourself nearly to death to see their surprise when he asks them to pay for them, and hear them say they thought they were free. You reflect on the simplicity of things in general, and of some men in particular, and nearly forget your own ill.

In the seat across you see a man that you are sure you have seen before, but really you can't place him; you have been trying to think who he is; occasionally he has looked toward you, apparently in the same wonder; at last you rise, and, going over to him, ask him if you haven't met before, and find out that he is the same man you borrowed some money from three years ago, and you also find out to your satisfaction that it is still unpaid.

The train-boy distributes books, you buy one; pretty soon he comes round with others—in gathering these up again he takes also the one you bought, and will surely sell it over before you could ever convince him of his mistake.

One long whistle. A station. A lady gets aboard with twins. Twins not being used to traveling, begin the same time on entering the car that they did on entering the world. The mother can find no seat. You ask the gentleman in seat before you if he won't please give her his place. You find out that "Oh yes, he won't," and rather than not you relieve the woman of her charges, and find you have your hands exceedingly full.

The mother finds a quarter of a seat in front and you have full control of the twins, and more diversion than you wish. You finally get relieved of your charges and hear a short, sharp and shrill whistle, which means there's breakers ahead. Alarmed, you brace your feet, grab the back of the seat ahead and pull back with all your might, while through your mind flashes the idea that you failed to purchase an accident ticket, and that the chances are all against you.

All the little sins of your life flash before your eyes, and in your inmost heart you repent, and make a terrible promise that you will lead a better life if you are saved this time, which is forgotten as soon as the danger is over, and away you go.

In front of you you see a gentle girl's head reposing on a gentleman's shoulder, which makes you pity that young lady on the other side, and in the fullness of your sympathy you would almost like to offer her your shoulder to lean against—which you don't though; but now you begin to feel very tired yourself and allow yourself to fall into a gentle slumber, but jump out of it as soon as you find you are reclining a little too sweetly upon the highly-colored gentleman's shoulder.

A long whistle, a short stop, and another station. A sudden start and you bump heads with the man in seat back, with whom you are talking. Very dusty, your eyes are two regular sand-banks—throat a newly-graveled turnpike where the walking would be exceedingly bad.

Boy comes round with water; after three grabs you get hold of the cup, but getting it to your mouth is quite another thing, and when at last you do succeed, I'll bet you a fine set of china under-ware that you don't drink any more water than you can hold in a common-sized sieve. And still you go, and you find to your infinite satisfaction that forty miles an hour is very slow time to travel in the manner you are.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORNE.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

ONCE upon a time, in the sunny days of our youth, we invested two dollars and a half for a Patent Right Perpetual Motion Machine.

That is, it was not patented just yet, but when we paid our two dollars and a half, we became, of course, the sole proprietor, and the only reason we did not get a patent was, the concern was not—very decidedly not—perpetual.

The motion being only two dollars and a half long, it did not quite reach perpetuity.

However, this transaction did indirectly lead to a perpetual motion, for the motion

that directs the mind has since never ceased to create a determination to keep us clear of this kind of merchandise in all future time.

Whenever we are tempted to invest in a wild-cat scheme, the slightest reference to our former speculation has a very strong bearing upon the final decision.

We have since learned two truths, viz:—a perpetual motion can not be accomplished until we make action and reaction unequal; and second—we can never learn a lesson except through bitter experience.

CAPT. DALTON.

RANDOM NOTES.

MISFORTUNE is like a low doorway, good to get through, but not worth a cent to straighten up in.

WHEN we have any thing bad to say against our neighbor we begin by telling some of his good traits, and then wind up with the bad one, which knocks all the good ones just where we want them to go. Thus we seem more charitable in the eyes of the listener, and lifting one up in this manner and letting him drop gives the assertion more force, and we are accredited with the truth, whether we tell it or not—which is seldom, or less.

A good character is a very desirable piece of personal property, but is extremely hard to keep, as it spoils easily. It is something which is constantly getting under mortgage, said mortgages being held by a gentleman whose realm is extremely suggestive of warm weather and high thermometers. A character may be purchased sometimes, but many persons make their own, which would account for so many imperfect ones in this world. When a man begins to think his character is of cast-iron, I like to see him run for Congress.

JOE KING.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

MANY a man and many a woman is dissatisfied with life and continually wishing themselves dead. They look with envy upon the success of others—have no desire to succeed themselves, and throw shadows upon the lives of others by wishing themselves out of this world and into the next. Now, we have been thinking—thinking that such persons will not be happy in a world where He who is Supreme has it all His way, when they are miserable in a world where we have it all ours.

To be happy is to live to a purpose. With happiness life is a success. Without it a failure. Yet people sneer at those who try to be happy. Those who love each other and rest like the glories of a setting sun over field and forest—who are good, and kind, and loving, and demonstrative in their affections, are called fools, even by those who profess religion and throw shadows upon the teaching of Him who says Heaven is but eternal happiness, where loved and loving rest forever, with the near, the dear, the constant, the worshipped.

Some envy others' happiness, and by remarks, cruel talk, wicked thrusts, and baneful speech, wound and weaken those who are striving for a heart-shelter we all need—the love even Jesus Christ found in the society of Mary and Martha. Why not allow others to be happy, even if we can not?

What if that man lives in a better house than we own? He can not take it with him. What matters to us the size of the earth when we can finally claim, and only for a time, then, so little of it in which to sleep? What if his or her mansion has more rooms than ours?—we can be in but one room at a time, and we are as happy here as he or she there. His windows may outnumber ours, but we can see out of ours—he can do no more. That chair is as easy to us as his is to him. The smile of the one who loves us fills our heart with a life-tint as golden—can he say more? Our room may not be so large as his, but it is as neat, as clean, as orderly, as home-like!

His darling may wear more silk than ours, but silk is not love. His darling may be more queenly than ours, but her kiss is no sweeter, her hand no softer, her face no more smiling, her love no more true, earnest, soul-wrapping, and heart-sustaining. His darling may ride in her carriage; servants in livery may wait on her; she may wear diamonds by the score, but he is not more tenderly loved, more lovingly cared for by his darling than we are by ours; her bosom is no softer resting-place, her arms no softer, her love no more lasting, her kiss and caress no sweeter than all these welcomes of our loved one. His darling sleeps in his arms—her head held upon his bosom—her beautiful bosom rising and rising like prayers as he looks thereon; but our loved one is as dear to us, and we think dearer than his to him! And so, too, we are happy.

When there is so much in life to make us happy—when such good friends, such earnest men and women love us—when there is so much to enjoy—when there are so many who are sick and friendless, we are happy and contented, as we are sorry for them, and would aid them.

Why will not men be men instead of wrecks? Why will not women live for something besides envy, foolery, fashion? Why will not boys think more of honorable old age, hale, beautiful, glorious in the sunset of life, than of decrepit manhood—why will they not by the light of life and

the reward love brings to earnest endeavor, swear to live and to be somebody—to be kind, good, loving, useful, honorable men, rather than be of the wandering, listless, thoughtless driftwood which lines the shores, floats the sea, and bleaches on the sands tinted by the golden sunset?

AMERICAN GIRLS IN EUROPE.

A LETTER-WRITER now abroad thus remarks upon the comparative beauty of English and American girls:

"I do not wish to undervalue English beauty, which is most satisfactory and enduring, and most of which will wash. But I confess that American beauty, from New York to New Orleans, has spoiled my eyes for any other; and when I am just getting accustomed to the solid English matrons and maidens, like Mr. Hawthorne, and beginning to like them—along comes a group of my fair countrywomen on their travels and they spoil it all again. Those dear Yankee girls—I fear you do not half appreciate them at home. Here they admire and envy them—that is, the men admire and the women envy. On the continent they rave about them.

"Half a dozen American belles send a whole German town distracted. It is not only their beauty and grace, but their wit, spirit and happy audacity. The continental customs favor their triumphs. No girl over there dares to say her soul is her own—let alone her body. She never goes anywhere without a chaperone—she never converses with a gentleman, except to answer a question; she is of a necessity insipid to the last degree.

"An American girl on the contrary asserts her freedom, goes where she likes, talks with every one she cares to talk with, says *du* to a German at the first introduction, and orders him about—just as she would do at home. He is overwhelmed, astounded, but all the more delighted. He tells his friends that the beautiful girl he waltzed with said *du* to him, and told him to bring her a glass of water, which sets them all crazy to be introduced to her, hear her say *du* to them, and be made water-carriers likewise. Next day the whole town is talking about her—the women are in a rage—but the result is the conviction that America must be a great country, increased immigration, and the consequent progress of civilization."

TACT.

Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is Tact. Tact is nimble-footed, and quick fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs his head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curious-fashioned keys, which turn all sorts of locks; tact plants his monosyllables wisely, for, being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with the familiarity of friendship; tact—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

SELF-TAUGHT.

MANY men are said to be self-taught. No man was ever taught in any other way. Do you suppose a man is a bucket, to be hung on the well of knowledge and pumped full? Man is a creature that learns by the exertion of his own faculties. There are aids to learning, of various kinds; but no matter how many of these aids a man may be surrounded by, after all, the learning is that which he himself acquires. And whether he be in college or out of college, in school or out of school, every man must educate himself. And in our times and our community every man has the means of doing it.

THE KING THAT RULES.

SOMEbody has said, "The two things that rule America are SMO-KING and JO-KING"; to these a third potentate may be added, for, undeniably, DRINK-KING sways his scepter of iron over the bodies, minds and hearts of myriads in our land. A powerful triumvirate they are—these three kings; yet the true throne is occupied by neither, nor yet by all of them combined. THIN-KING is the actual sovereign here! Throned on the active brains of our people and wielding the scepter of intellect, he rules over the whole broad land. All adverse power will be prostrated before him, and the empire of thought, with learning, genius and virtue, as its executives, must be established.

GOOD TEMPER.

GOOD TEMPER is an estimable blessing both in the workshop and out of it. If people thought more of its value they would be at more pains to secure it. It was a saying of the great Addison, we think, that a good temper was worth five hundred a year. The Christian workman knows how it is to be got. When not a natural gift it must be planted and watered by God in the soil of a regenerated nature.

LOVE'S GROWTH.

BY "STELLA."

The glowing sun and the summer breeze
Quickened the young plant's life,
And the verdant soil is decked with flowers,
With the beauties of nature rife.

They bloom and fade, and presently
The summer breeze departs,
And the warning sun no longer comes
To cheer their sinking hearts.

With the wintry blast their glowing charms,
As though through doubts and fears,
Fade and wither, while the tender leaves
Fall like a lover's tears.

The fallen leaves strewn thickly round
Protect the buried roots,
And when the genial breeze returns,
They send out fresher shoots.

'Tis thus with Friendship or with Love,
When first life's influence glows
Upon the youthful, human heart,
With quickened zeal it grows.

It blooms awhile, but when neglect
Steals over it like a blight,
The spirit droops and withering hides,
And shuns all other's sight.

But absence brings remembrance,
That, clustering round, protect
The gentle roots, the germs of love,
From coldness of neglect.

Then when returning love comes,
The spirit's clothed anew,
And springs to light and life again,
At finding him so true.

City Life Sketches.

TOM, THE "CRACKSMAN,"

OR, AS HE IS CALLED BY THE POLICE,

Interviewed by a Burglar.

BY AGILE PIERRE.

As this is simply a story of a personal adventure, we will let the hero of said adventure relate it.

My name is Winwood Chase. I am a broker, doing business at No. — Wall street. I am quite a young man, and had just commenced business on my own account at the period—which is only a few months back—that the little adventure occurred to me that I am about to tell.

One day, seated in my office waiting for customers, I was somewhat astonished at receiving a letter from an uncle of mine, one Lot Angell by name. He was a retired sea-captain, and owned a snug place down on Staten Island. Captain Angell was reported to be worth quite a handsome sum of money, and as he was an old bachelor, of course he was quite an object of interest to all his near relatives.

The note informed me that my uncle was at the Astor House, and would like to see me at once.

As it was near three o'clock, and business on the street was about ended, I could easily comply with his request without neglecting my office. So, directing John—my office-boy—to close up, I made my way to the Astor House.

Uncle Lot was delighted to see me, and speedily revealed the business that had brought him to the city.

The worthy captain had some ten thousand dollars in United States bonds at the desired to reinvest in some good railroad stock, and he had made up his mind to give the business into my hands.

Of course, I was naturally delighted. I assured my worthy uncle that I would give all my attention to the affair.

So I received the ten thousand dollars in bonds. As it was after banking hours, I concluded to carry the bonds home with me. I lived with my wife—I am a married man—in a little two-story brick house in Eighth street. And as the captain declined my urgent invitation to make some home with me while he staid in New York, I departed alone for my residence.

I had put the bonds away, safely, in an inside pocket of my coat. I had little fear of being robbed, for, in the first place, no one, except my uncle, knew that I had any valuables about me, and my plain business suit would not be apt to make any evil-disposed person imagine that I was a man worth robbing.

As I entered a Third avenue car, which was halted opposite to the hotel, I happened to glance behind me. Somehow—I don't know exactly why or wherefore—I noticed a man coming down the steps of the Astor House. He was a thick-set, muscular-looking fellow, with a bull-dog-like cast of features. He had on a rough overcoat, something of the sailor's pea-jacket in style, and a woolen muffler was tied tightly around his throat, although the afternoon was quite warm.

I had hardly noticed this man and his attire, when my car started. The man was speedily lost to sight, and of course I thought no more of him.

The car proceeded rapidly up-town.

I confess, in spite of my better judgment, I began to think that I was acting a little heedlessly, to take the bonds home with me, instead of placing them in a place of security down-town. Ten thousand dollars was quite a sum of money. Then, too, I would be all alone in the house, for my wife had gone on a visit to some of our relations who lived in the country. But then I reflected that I had a good six-shooter at home, and then, too, it was quite impossible that any one should guess that I had a large sum of money in my possession.

Yet, in spite of all these reassuring thoughts, I still felt uneasy.

At Twentieth street the car stopped suddenly. A cart loaded with lumber had broken a wheel, and lay directly across the track.

Of course, there was the usual amount of swearing indulged in by the conductor, driver and passengers at the delay. It was some ten minutes before the lumber-cart was hauled off to one side so that we could go on. Two other cars had caught up with us by this time. At last we proceeded on our way.

I had quite forgotten my uneasiness, occupied as I had been in watching the devices used to get the lumber wagon off the track, when all my fears suddenly returned to me tenfold. The cause was natural. Opposite to me, seated in the car, was the rough-looking man in the pea jacket that I had noticed descending the steps of the Astor House.



As I turned my eyes upon him, I saw in a moment that he was watching me intently. When I looked at him, though, he instantly turned his attention in another direction.

The car proceeded on its way. Ever and anon turning carelessly, I would catch the rough-looking fellow watching me. And every time that I discovered this, it sent a cold shiver all over me.

Then I began to speculate how he could have got into my car, when he had been standing on the steps of the hotel when I had started. Then the truth flashed upon me. He had followed in the next car, and had taken advantage of the delay caused by the lumber-wagon to change cars.

After thinking the matter over quietly, I came to the conclusion that my fears were unfounded.

But the rough-looking fellow still kept watching me. At Eightieth street I left the car. Contrary to my thought, the rough fellow did not get off. I felt considerably easier in my mind.

I walked down the street to my house, ascended the steps, inserted my latch-key, and opening the door, entered.

Once inside the house, I looked around at once to assure myself that every door and window was securely fastened. I found nothing amiss.

I got my six-shooter and examined it. As I thought, every chamber was loaded.

Night was now coming on rapidly. I went down to the kitchen, and got a cold "snack" for supper. Then I put the bonds away securely in a little dressing-case of my wife's, that sat on a shelf in the closet in my bedroom. A most unlikely place for anyone to expect to find valuables. Then I went to bed, with my revolver as a sleeping-companion.

It was about nine o'clock when I turned in. I left the gas burning quite brightly.

I had probably slept about an hour when I was suddenly awakened by a slight noise in my room. I opened my eyes, and at the same time I grasped my revolver.

In the center of the room stood the rough whom I had seen first descending the steps of the Astor House, and afterward in the car. A second ruffian stood in the doorway.

I comprehended the situation in an instant. I covered the first rough with my revolver, and sternly asked him what he wanted.

I never saw a man look so thoroughly "mad" in all my life as my gentleman did, when he beheld the shining barrel of the six-shooter leveled full at his head.

"Blazes!" he muttered between his teeth.

"Get out!" I said, emphatically, rising to a sitting position, but still covering him with the revolver.

"Wot! without the swag?" he muttered. "I'll give you one minute, before I fire!" I said, taking deliberate aim at his brawny throat.

With a growl, like a wild beast, he sprang at me. I pulled the trigger—the hammer fell—the cap exploded, and the next instant I was pinned down to the bed by the muscular knee of the rough. The revolver had missed fire.

"How are you off for soap, now?" the rough asked, with a grin, at the same time flashing the glittering blade of a huge knife before my eyes.

I was fully in the power of the ruffian.

"What do you want?" I gasped.

"The ducaats—the soap—the flimsies, my pippin," he said, with a ferocious grin.

His meaning was extremely plain. I had no difficulty whatever in comprehending what he meant.

"I haven't any," I said. Of course I knew that he could know nothing of the United States bonds.

"You ought to be an editor—you lie furst-rate," ejaculated the burly ruffian.

I suppose it is needless to remark that I did not appreciate the compliment.

"I assure you," I said, for I saw that my nocturnal visitor doubted my word, "that I haven't any money."

"Not for Joe, oh, dear, no! not for Joseph," hummed the rough, in a very unmusical voice, and he kept time by digging his knee into my chest.

"But, sir—" I gasped.

"See me quick!" said the rough, emphatically. "I'm Tom the Crackman, I am, from over the herring-pond, an' you can't play any points on me. You've got ten thousand dollars in bonds, somewhere round. I knows it, 'cos my pard here saw the old governor get 'em from the bank this blessed morning; then we 'piped' him to the hotel. I was a list'nin' outside the door when he gave 'em to you. Then we jist 'went' for you. Now, hand 'em over, or maybe it will be the worst for you."

My suspicions were all confirmed by the speech of the rough. They had been on my track, and now I was fully in their power.

What course to pursue I knew not. I did not doubt for a moment that the fellow who held me prostrate beneath his knee, would just as soon cut my throat as not.

"Come, governor, I'm gittin' tired of waiting," said the rough. "Jist tell us where you stowed the flimsies."

"And if I refuse?" I asked.

"Well, then, I'll have to use a leetle gentle persuasion," he answered, with another ferocious grin. "You've got nice brown eyes; it would be a pity to lose one on 'em; your lady-love would miss it, you know; but, if you don't tell me where you've hid the bonds, I shall have to dig one of them eyes right out with the point of my knife. Which one kin you spare best—right or left? It don't make any difference to me, you know."

I felt sick. I was as helpless as a child in the hands of my muscular captor. I felt pretty sure, too, that he would not hesitate to execute his threat, dreadful as it was.

I could hesitate no longer.

Ten thousand dollars was a large sum of money, but I wouldn't be willing to part with one of my eyes for twice ten thousand dollars.

"If I tell you, you will spare me?" I asked.

"It's a bargain, governor," replied the rough.

"The bonds are in that closet in a dressing-box," I said.

In another minute the ten thousand dollars were in the hands of the "Crackman."

Then there was a cry of triumph, followed quickly by a howl of rage as three detectives dashed in upon the burglars.

The "Crackman" had tracked my uncle, then me, and in turn had been shadowed by the detectives.

There was a short but desperate struggle; then Tom the "Crackman" and his companion were handcuffed, and departed in custody of the officers.

The ten thousand dollars were saved.

And that was the way I was interviewed by a burglar. I don't desire another dose. I am fully satisfied. Tom and his companion are now doing the State some service, breaking stone at Sing Sing.

Amber's Mistake.

BY FANNY ELLIOTT.

SHE was a graceful girl, tall, and of wondrous beauty.

Every one admired her, most of her gentleman friends had fallen in love with her, and yet, after all her offers, despite all her conquests, Amber Percival was still unmarried.

It does seem so strange, Amber, that you persistently reject the advances of that splendid young journalist. What in the world is your heart made of that you can be so icily indifferent? I would capitulate in ten minutes, I'm sure, if Horace Vavasour were to be as devoted to me as he is to you."

Minnie Everett laughed as she caressed the long, thick curl that swept over Miss Percival's shoulder.

"Then I'll just drop him a hint, Minnie, that you are open to attentions."

"If you dare!"

Their silvery laughter floated over their heads and reached the ear of a young man, who was lazily smoking in the adjoining room.

A quizzical smile crept over his lips, and he laid aside his cigar, and straightened himself into a more attentive attitude.

"But, honestly, though, Amber, don't you like young Vavasour?"

"Oh, well enough, Minnie. He's agreeable, and very fine-looking, but I am not in love with him."

Amber's voice was even and indifferent, and young Horace Vavasour, as he heard her, felt a pang shoot through his heart.

"She doesn't care for me, then, she, whom I have idealized and worshipped!"

There came a shade over his fine face, and the radiance in his eyes was overshadowed by the trouble Amber Percival's words gave him.

Again he heard the sweet, birdlike notes of her voice.

"I tell you, though, Minnie, I like him next best to—Harry Adrian."

There was a delicious flush on her cheek as she thus evasively confessed her favorite.

She laughed, half amusedly; but Horace Vavasour's face never lost the grave, eager look upon it.

"Never an enemy, Amber Percival, were you to murder me at your feet. I am more than friend to you. I am an idolater, worshiper, lover. What are you to me?"

His passionate, half-suppressed tones brought a vivid blush to Amber's delicate cheeks.

"Really, Mr. Vava—"

"No, no, don't evade me; answer me—what you think of me—do you love me?"

Afar off was the eternal requiem of the waves ringing their melody in their ears; above, the calm, quiet night, with the glory of the intense blue sky, the majesty of the tender, solemn moonlight.

Amber felt the agony she must cause the noble heart yearning for the affection she could not bestow.

"I will not evade, Mr. Vavasour; deeply though I regret it, I can not return your love; a love already bestowed."

Her quiet, ladylike tones fell with fearful force upon the young journalist's ear.

"Oh, Amber, don't marry him! I could see you given to any one rather than Hal Adrian! He's a gambler, a villain—"

Miss Percival's flushed cheeks grew redder as she arose in dignified reproof.

"If you desire to remain my friend, please cease your not over complimentary remarks. Mr. Adrian is a gentleman, in my estimation."

She bowed courteously, and he, interpreting it as she intended he should, as a polite dismissal, turned away.

"Thank you, Miss Amber. It is worth hearing such criticisms passed on a fellow to know so fair a lady resents them."

Hal Adrian was a splendid-looking young man; with the dark, flashing eyes, the polished style, the *insouciance* of demeanor that Amber Percival had ever been looking for, and now his half-winning, half-coquettish tones sent the delightful fires of consciousness to her eyes. She strove to laugh carelessly; but with a merciless ignorance he took her hand.

"How can I thank you? In fact, I prefer to deepen the obligation I am already under, if you consent."

There was a meaning in his voice, and she knew it.

"You must not refuse me, Amber; but tell me what I know you mean; to love me, and be my own?"

She thought of Minnie's warning; she

thought of Vavasour's words; and—was it her guardian angel?—she laughed.

"You must not demand your answer now. Wait until to-morrow."

And until then—read this letter that chance wafted to me, which may prove that young Vavasour, who so eloquently defamed me, is not much better than he'd have you consider me."

Amber gravely took the letter, and bade Hal Adrian good-night.

"Pretty? I'll bet a fortune on that! And what's more, she'll write her name Amber Adrian before next year this time."

Young Adrian's voice was full of triumph as he relit his cigar, that, in the moment of eager delight, had extinguished itself.

"You're a trump, Hal! and don't forget to share her fortune with me when you've bagged the game. Remember all the loans I've made you; don't forget whose clothes you have on this very moment!"

Adrian laughed.

"I wonder what she'd say if she knew I didn't own the coat on my back?—if she knew I was the accomplished gamester of the city, eh?"

"Which, of course, she doesn't, unless that young journalist has peached."

"Not much, I guess—at least, nothing to hurt. By the way, Hal, the forged letter I gave her last night will convince her he's the fiend, and I the angel, whereas it's *vice versa*, you know. Come, lend me your light suit, while I go down to meet my lady in the parlor, by appointment. When you see her again she'll be wearing this ring I won from Snyder."

Amber Percival had heard every word.

She had been reading in her own room, when young Vavasour had come, praying her to accompany him to a room adjoining the billiard saloon. There they both had heard Harry Adrian's confession.

Then, when the voices had ceased, the young journalist had conducted her to the parlor door, and not a word of love had escaped him.

Her eyes flashing, her cheeks glowing, Amber entered the spacious parlor, and walked straight to the easy-chair where sat Adrian, handsome, brilliant, *nonchalant* as ever.

He had not time to speak, ere she addressed him:

"Here. Take back this infamous forgery, and never let me hear your voice again. You have defamed yourself," she said, coldly, while her scornful eyes were fixed in supreme contempt on his features, "and, thank heaven, been foiled in your nefarious schemes."

Without waiting for an answer, she thrust the letter in his hand, and then swept proudly away, as if she suffered vilest contamination from his presence.

"You are *sure* you love me, Amber, darling? It is not an impulse, or a thankfulness?"

Amber lifted her beautiful eyes to the journalist's proud face.

"Sure, Horace. In truth, I know I must have loved you all the time, and didn't know it. At all events, there is no mistake now, if I did make so grievous a one before."

The Shadowed Heart:

OR,

THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "RED MARK," "SCARLET CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PROMISE.

ALONE in her own room, Ida walked the floor in silent, speechless agony. In the few hours that had elapsed since she had been almost stunned by the sudden revelation of George's betrothal to Helen Joyce, her sorrow had taken the form of taciturnity. Her cheeks had assumed a haggard paleness, and her eyes a supernatural brightness.

That night, after Andrew Joyce had departed, without seeing her, as usual, her father called her to come down-stairs. Obedient and sternly silent she entered his presence. He was kind and gentle, and took her in his arms, tenderly as if she had been a little child.

"Ida, my daughter, I heard all that Helen said. God pity you, God help you, my poor child, in your bitter grief."

He stroked her hair lovingly, and with fatherly caresses, so unusual now, in these latter days, when he had urged upon her the importance of the proposed marriage. Her tears, that had been sealed for the last four hours, fell in torrents at sound of his kind words, and she laid her weary head on his shoulder.

"Father, father, I loved him so—ay, I love him now!"

"But he has trifled with you, my child, you see, and the best you can do will be to

floating dreams of what might possibly happen."

"I told you, child, that your suitor will sell our roof over our heads the day you forever cast him off. He does not regard himself finally rejected, and has unbounded confidence in your compassion for him, no less than a proud consciousness that any woman would be proud to be installed mistress of the magnificent Villa. By the way, Ida," he interpolated, eagerly, "you would have a splendid chance of revenging yourself on that upstart Helen. You would ride right over her head, for Andrew swears every wish of yours shall be sacred, every request promptly granted."

"I would be Helen's stepmother, and George's stepmother-in-law," she remarked, quietly, with no suspicion of a smile on her lips.

"Just so," returned Mr. Tressel, delighted at her willingness to listen to this loved subject.

"Mr. Joyce is old, to be sure, but intelligent, yes, finely educated, wealthy and influential. His character is above reproach, his position enviable, his jewels, carriages, horses, plate, furniture and mansion the finest far and near."

"His form bent and decrepit, his eyes dim and sunken, his hair white, his knees tottering," added Ida, still calmly severe.

"You must not expect great personal accomplishments in a man as old as I. Ida, but remember, a younger lover could not offer the princely wedding-gifts Andrew Joyce will give you."

"Father, look me in the face; straight in the eyes, and tell me if it is your heartfelt wish, your most cherished desire, to see me, young and fresh, married to that man?"

She raised her face to his—her clear, calm truthful eyes to his.

He returned the look, as calmly, as truthfully.

"I speak from my heart, Ida, when I say, if I know my own thoughts, if I attend to my daughter's best interests, that there is no news on earth would please me better than to learn you had accepted Andrew Joyce for your husband."

Ida uttered a little cry, as the words fell on her unwilling ears.

"He will be kind to you, Ida, kind and dutiful; kind and loving."

She shivered at the last words, and raised her hands as if to beat something off.

"Don't, father, don't! I can't bear to think of it."

A solemn silence intervened, then she lifted her tearful face.

"Is this inevitable, my father? Must I bow my head in obedience to this act from which all my nature shrinks in horror? Oh, father, tell me I have your consent to send him away when he comes again, finally and forever!"

Mr. Tressel's lips compressed tightly, and his eyes assumed their cold, steady expression.

"There is no hope, my daughter. I have sworn you shall marry him, and I know you dare not violate my sacred vow."

Ida replied not a word. Her hands fell gradually from her father's knee, and her graceful head bowed to her breast. The bitter stroke had fallen on her, and left her in hopeless desolation, stricken and disconsolate. Mr. Tressel eagerly followed up his last words.

"Ida, you see George Casselmaine will marry another. You know we are poverty-stricken if you dare refuse. You know all that awaits us both if you consent. Will you do it? May I tell Andrew Joyce my daughter accepts him?"

For a moment she stood, stony and still. Her head thrown defiantly back, her eye gazing wildly down the moonlit road. Then her answer came, sounding like a voice from the grave:

"Tell Andrew Joyce I will see him to-morrow afternoon. If after that interview he still desires to claim me, I will accept him."

She shivered, and then, staggering and moaning in her wretched grief, repaired to her sleepless vigils.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN'S RESOLVE.

CLARE TREVLIN sat in her splendid boudoir, and beside her, her faithful companion and friend, Esther.

"Yes, my friend, I saw his home, the very place where he lives year after year, a lonely, solitary man, and I his wife, so far away from him. I saw the bed he sleeps in, I kissed the pillow and laid my cheek on it. I saw his toilet case, with the delicate perfumes he loves so well, his shaving apparatus—oh, Esther, was it wrong because I wept over them all?" She bowed her beautiful head on her fair hands, while the stern woman opposite smiled bitterly.

"And he curses you with every breath he draws."

"Esther, no. Frederic Trevlyn does not curse his wife, dures not! He knows I love him, and he may ridicule my weakness, but curse me—*me*, Effie's mother, *never*!"

Her sweet face was full of wifely pride, and womanly dignity.

"But, Esther, although I am neglected, deserted, despised, remember the cause. Remember I was foolishly angry, and would not give the explanation I should have given, which he, as my husband, could have demanded. I was wrong there, Esther."

The plain, homely mouth parted sternly again.

"Wrong to kiss that other, that handsome, noble gentleman? wrong to refuse the insolent demand Frederic Trevlyn made when he saw you put your arms around his neck, and lay your head on his shoulder? No, a hundred times, no!"

"Your advice arises from prejudiced opinion, Esther. You liked my husband in the first months of our married life, I am sure."

"Yes, I admit that, for then he used you as a wife deserves to be used. Then he came from his business to his home like other men, and you were happy—until that night."

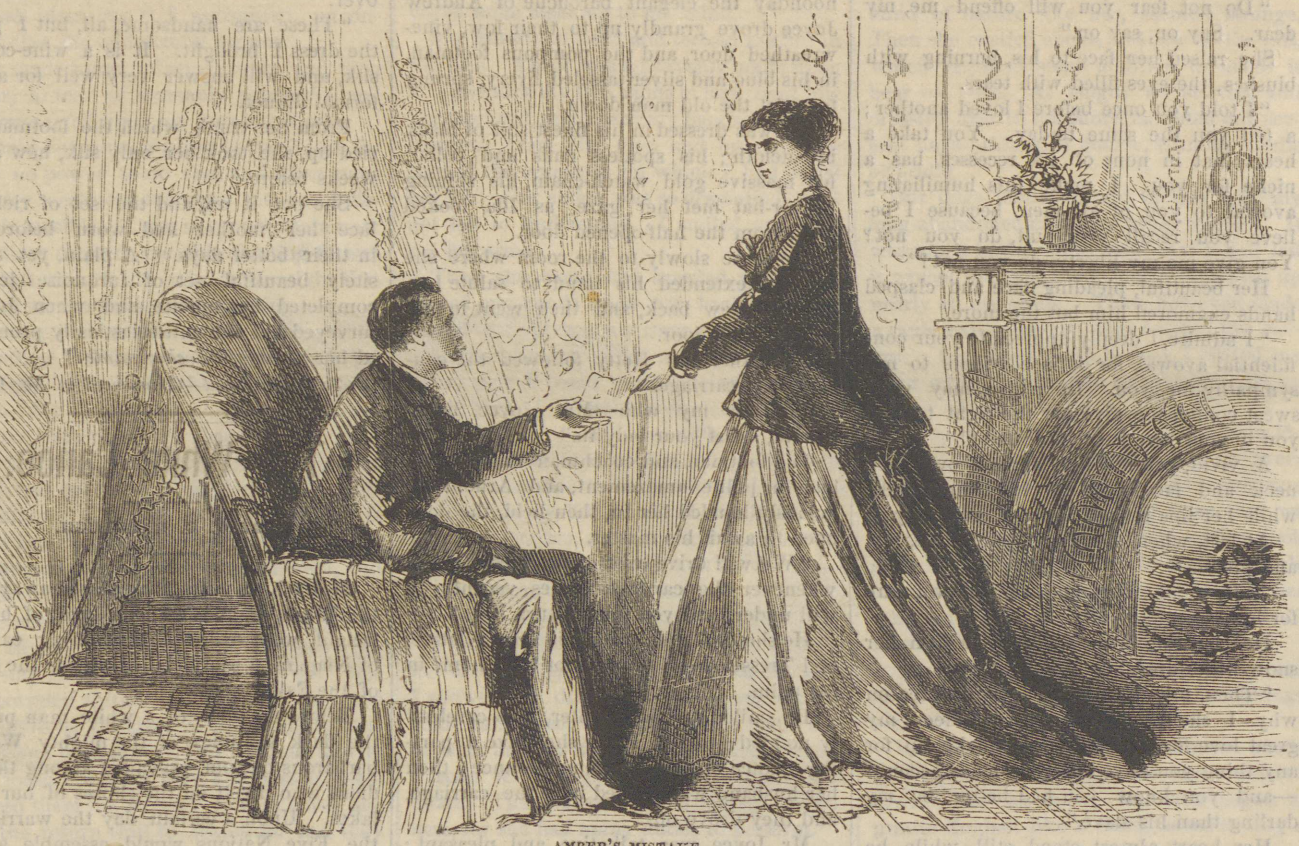
Esther's brow contracted angrily at a memory that recurred to her.

"Yes, I was happy until that night," repeated Clare, eagerly. "And since then I've never known a moment of happiness. Oh, Esther, you little dream of the anguish of mind I've endured."

"Don't I know the sleepless nights, the restless days? don't I remember the pleadings of yours—the impertinent refusals of his? I think I know very well what misery must be yours."

"Frederic is of a jealous disposition, Esther, and what I innocently intended as a joke has separated us forever, I fear."

Her plaintive tones fell on no pitying ear, for Esther Waring felt no emotion but indig-



AMBER'S MISTAKE.

nation for the wrongs of her beautiful mistress and friend.

"But, Esther, you know I am resolved to win him back again, if I am possibly capable of it. I hardly know how to proceed, unless you, Esther, can propose a plan."

"Mrs. Trevlyn, you had better remain just as you are, than attempt what must ultimately end in mortification and regret."

Clare shook her head decidedly.

"No; I am determined to change the course of my life, and that immediately. I think to throw off the cloak of reserve that covers us, and open our mansion to guests, give entertainments, attend parties, frequent the opera and theater, will be the most natural as well as successful step toward the accomplishment of my project."

"And if the liege refuses the money wherewith to conduct such an establishment, then what?"

Esther spoke ironically, and Clare threw her a severe, reproving glance.

"You forget I am Trevlyn's wife, Esther, and will not allow further harsh remarks about him. Besides, you remember my small fortune will maintain the most extravagant style for two years at least."

She arose proudly, and opened the exquisite little case on her dressing bureau.

"These diamonds alone, Esther, will bring fifty thousand dollars."

She wound them about her snowy neck and wrists.

"Splendid!" she murmured, reviewing the reflection in her mirror.

"I am beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, but what matters it all when my husband does not love me—my own husband, who refuses to hear my vindication?"

Slowly she removed the glittering gems and replaced them in the ruby velvet case, and then sunk wearily on the damask lounge.

"Yes, Esther," she said, after a long silence, "we will open the house, and issue cards for my reception. If the people think I am a widow, let them think so; better that than be a deserted wife."

Bitterly she added the last few words.

"I will order the dressmaker to have a suitable dress, and you may attend to the supper-table. See that every thing is the finest and best, and let the table be gotten up regardless of expense."

Esther folded up the ruffled apron she was making, and silent and stern descended to superintend the arrangements.

The cards were printed, and by a strange coincidence she emerged from her retirement the same day, at the same hour, that her husband received his guests at the Archery.

Her elegant parlors were filled with the elite of Philadelphia; her music was the sweetest heard at any previous reception; her supper the most delicious, her entire entertainment the most satisfactory.

Renowned guests were there, whom other invitations from other parties had failed to bring, and it seemed as if the goddess Queen herself had laid her best tribute at Clare Trevlyn's feet that night.

Flushed and handsome, yet withal dignified and charming, she moved a veritable queen among her guests, admired by all, envied by many, a mystery to not a few.

Her sudden appearance created a *furor*, which added to a fresh-blooming beauty, lent new attractions to the lovely lady.

Evidently her letters of introduction had been first-class, for the very best citizens of Philadelphia attended her levee.

Thus her *debut* was a glorious success, and even Esther's hard face relaxed in a grim smile as she saw the adulation offered to her darling.

Of all the guests was one gentleman whose personal appearance was strikingly handsome, who was at once the admiration of every lady in the room. He was a stranger to Mrs. Trevlyn, and a stranger to her guests, with but one exception.

Senator Rowe had brought him, as the guest of his own family. As Senator Rowe's friend he was cordially received.

The party had arrived late, and the hostess had not yet received their compliments. For a moment Clare was at liberty, and the handsome old gentleman, accompanied by his wife and their guest, approached her.

The greetings over, the senator presented his companion.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, my dear madam, allow me to introduce my young friend and nephew, Mr. Casselmaine. He is just returned from Judge Elverson's old Grange, near New York, and I could not permit him to tarry at my house this evening while we were away. I brought him along. He is not a well man, I see by his face, and hope this visit will do him no harm." The kindly old man rattled away as if no formality were necessary.

"I am happy to meet him—very happy. His late residence entitles him to more than ordinary consideration, as Judge Elverson's place is very near the home of a dear relative of mine."

Mr. Casselmaine bowed in return.

"There are several residences contiguous to the Grange, which are occupied by friends of mine. I did not entirely understand your name, dear madam, or I could instantly divine to which you refer."

The carnine deepened on her cheek, and she lowered her eyes.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, my boy, Mrs. Clare Trevlyn," returned Mrs. Rowe, in explanation.

He raised his head, with a quick, eager motion.

"You mean Frederic Trevlyn, of the Archery?"

"Yes," she whispered, hoarsely, "I mean him."

The sounding music called her away, and George Casselmaine followed her graceful figure, lost in a maze of bewilderment.

Mrs. Trevlyn? Who was she?

CHAPTER XVII.

JANUARY AND JUNE.

In order to fully and satisfactorily explain the appearance of Maude Elverson's betrothed at Mrs. Trevlyn's reception on the day when Frederic Trevlyn also held his first levee, we will retrace our steps a few days, to the period where we left Ida Tressel after her interview with her inexorable parent.

Punctual to the hour of his daily coming, Andrew Joyce arrived at Rose Cottage.

Mr. Tressel met him at the door; they exchanged a few words which delighted them both very much, for a brightness lighted their countenances as they entered the room, and Mr. Tressel bade Hetty summon Ida. Pale as death, but calm and collected, she entered their presence, and gravely bowed to Mr. Joyce, then sat quietly beside her father.

Mr. Tressel broke the embarrassing silence.

"I told Mr. Joyce, my child, the message you intrusted to me."

She nodded gently in reply.

"And Mr. Joyce thinks it entirely unnecessary to repeat the extreme satisfaction, the heartfelt joy your decision has given him," remarked Mr. Joyce himself.

"My beautiful Ida, I am the happiest man living, for I have won the lovely Ida Tressel for my wife, the peerless crown of my declining years."

She bowed her head, as if in acceptance of his graceful compliment.

"But, Mr. Joyce, I think when you hear what I have to say, what I sent for you to say, you will retract your offer, and leave me free."

Mr. Joyce rubbed his soft, white hands gleefully together, and smiled cheerfully.

"Do not fear you will offend me, my dear. Say on, say on."

She raised her face to his, burning with blushes, the eyes filled with tears.

"I told you once before I loved another; a tell you the same to-day. You take a heart that in none of its recesses has a niche for you. I make this humiliating avowal to you, of all men, because I believe you recall your suit, do you not? You give me my liberty, do you not?"

Her beautiful, pleading face and clasped hands enamored him but the more.

"I admire, I deeply appreciate your confidential avowal, for it is a tribute to my sympathy for you. In return, may your sweet confidence give me the right to ask you if your love is reciprocated?"

A vivid, painful hue spread over her neck and face, even to her fair hands, while her lips refused to frame the reply.

At last, when she could, she spoke, low and piteously.

"No, no; he does not even know I care for him."

Her burning tears fell unheeded on her snow-white dress.

"Then, my dear child, I see no reason why I should release you. Indeed, my great love for you will soon make up for any thing you have suffered on his account—and you know you had better be my darling than his slave."

Her heart almost stood still while he spoke.

"Then you will not be merciful, and refuse to accept me?"

She spoke hoarsely, and a new light, a hidden fierce fire shone in her eyes.

"No, I can not—no, I will not relinquish my treasure."

She caught his arm, and clutched it tightly between her quivering fingers—so tightly that he winced with pain.

"Andrew Joyce, if I yield, it is because I am forced to yield! forced by a bleeding heart which dare not struggle any longer! forced by circumstances I blush to mention—which would otherwise drive me and my gray-headed father homeless into the world. But, Andrew Joyce, in yielding, I say—

see to you! I have plead with my father, I have entreated you, I have condescended to lay my poor torn heart to your view, and you refuse the balm of healing. I do not like you, I can not even tolerate you—I pray I may not hate you."

The words came hissing from between her teeth, and her form towered defiantly grand.

"If you hated me to death, I would not give you up!"

The fire in his aged eyes, the strange resolution in his aged voice, thrilled her with unutterable horror, and a cry rung from her lips.

"Be it as you say; but, as I say: believe your triumph will bring you no satisfaction, no glory. In becoming your wife—no, in becoming Mrs. Joyce—I become what I never was before, a hunted woman, who has sold her happiness for a roof to sleep under; who has wrecked her whole life's happiness for her gray-haired father's sake. Andrew Joyce, I hold my word inviolate; but you will regret this hour—the hour when you ever saw Ida Tressel!"

Lifting her proud head in conscious dignity, she swept from the room, casting a glance of withering contempt on the admiring old man by her father's side. They sat for an hour arranging the preliminaries to the wedding, which the entranced lover was desirous of consummating immediately.

ly. Mr. Tressel knew of no reason to prevent, and Mr. Joyce said the Villa would be ready for the bride at an hour's notice.

This was communicated to Ida, who listened with quiet scorn.

"Being but a tool in your hands, I shall not presume to differ from you."

So the ceremony, to be quietly and simply conducted, was arranged for the next day.

There were no strangers but the pastor of the little country church; Hetty was the witness, and her father gave her away.

The moment the farce was over—so did it seem to her—without waiting for congratulations or her father's blessing, she turned to Mr. Joyce.

"Sir, I have preparations to make this evening before I am able to take up my residence at my future home, which will prevent my giving you or my father, my company. It will take Hetty and I till the morning sunlight to arrange my wardrobe; to-morrow, then, you may, if you see fit, call for me to accompany you to the Villa. Until then, *adieu!*"

She bowed stately, and ascended to her room, whither Hetty followed.

The bridegroom smiled compassionately.

"Let her have her own way. To-morrow I'll come for her."

He repaired to his home alone, to return on the following day for his bride.

All that night she and the faithful colored woman passed in arranging her clothing and little knickknacks preparatory to her final departure from the home of her childhood.

The hours passed all too quickly, and with a sinking heart she saw the faint flushes of the sunrise in the pearl-gray east.

The breakfast was silently dispatched, and her trunks strapped and locked on the sunny little porch where she had passed so many happy hours.

All things were in readiness, and with her sad face turned away from the direction to the Villa, she waited her husband's coming.

Not long did she wait, for, before the noonday the elegant *barouche* of Andrew Joyce drove grandly up to their low, vine-wreathed door, and the pompous footman, in his blue and silver-tasseled livery, sprung to assist the old man down.

He was dressed in his finest suit of black broadcloth; his spotless cuffs and collar, his massive gold watch-chain, his shining beaver-hat met her gaze, as Ida looked forth from the half-opened door.

He came slowly to the room where she sat, and extended his hand to salute her, but she drew back, and then went in advance to the door.

Her father and Hetty followed the couple to the carriage.

"This is my wife—Mrs. Joyce, boys. Arnold, assist your lady in."

The footman and coachman raised their hats in polite amazement, and Arnold officiously handed her in, then held the door open to await his master.

"We will drive over often, Tressel; and whenever the carriage comes vacant you will understand you must return in it."

He shook hands with his near relative, and Tressel found the deed of their home in his palm.

He smiled to his daughter, who carelessly nodded; to old Hetty she gave a parting glance of grateful remembrance; then her husband was helped into the carriage, and they drove off.

Mr. Joyce was talkative and pleasant; Ida stern and reticent. From his conversation she learned the marriage was still a profound secret from every one, and her lip curled with scornful contempt when she remembered the insult her daughter-in-law, two years her senior, had offered her, and in this hour of blighted joys, blasted hopes, she felt to revenge her for her share of her own unhappiness.

"I am not Ida Tressel, forgiving and happy. I am Ida Joyce, stern and crushed."

They drove up the wide carriage-path, and stopped before the open doors of the Villa.

At the gorgeous curtains that shaded the plate-glass windows, the pure marble floor of the vestibule, the solid silver knobs and sill, she vouchsafed not a glance. She did not realize she was entering her own home, elegant and costly, but she only remembered it was her gilded prison.

At the door a portly woman met them, who looked with astonishment at the simply-clad girl beside her master.

"This is the new mistress of the Villa, Mrs. Bond. My young bride, my wife."

The housekeeper curtsied deeply, and then congratulated Ida.

"Show her to the suite on the south side, and have Jeannie sent up to wait on her. Mrs. Bond, have a grand dinner prepared, and tell my children I wish to see them at one precisely in my library. Do not breathe a word of what you know."

She received her orders, and departed to obey them.

In a moment a tap on the door announced the arrival of the maid Mr. Joyce had sent for. She was a pleasant-looking girl, about twenty-two or three, and in her blue eyes Ida found a world of sympathy.

"This will be your new lady, my good Jeannie, and your exclusive business is to serve her faithfully. You know I told you yesterday I should bring my wife home soon, so you are ready to receive her. Show Mrs. Joyce the dresses that were sent last night, and see that you faithfully attend to all she directs."

Jeannie bowed in return, and Ida acknowledged his kind thoughtfulness by a frigid bend of her queenly head.

She started to follow Jeannie, but her husband laid his hand on her sleeve.

"Ida, my dear, my wife, I have done every thing I could think of to make your home agreeable to you. I am old, child, old and foolish, and you are young, and fresh and blooming. But, as God hears me, my little frightened wife—as God hears me, I swear to regard you every wish; I swear to do all that lays within my power to make you happy and contented. My children shall respect you, my servants shall obey you. My house, my purse, my heart are yours; do with them as you see fit. All I ask of you is, to bear with the old man."

He raised her hand to his lips, and then let it fall gently.

The tears sprang to Ida's eyes as she followed Jeannie up the wide, broad stairs, whose thick velvet carpet returned no echo of their footfall.

Past room after room, whose doors, half ajar, disclosed the costly wealth of their varied decorations, she went, until, on the front of the second floor Jeannie paused and fitted the key.

The polished silver knob yielded to her hand, and mistress and servant entered the spacious and magnificent apartment. It was every inch a bridal-chamber, and from it opened another smaller room, fitted for her private boudoir; and beyond this still another, expressly for herself, all adorned in the most luxuriant manner.

Jeannie followed Ida's admiring glance, and smiled with pardonable pride.

"It is *magnifique*, madame, and monsieur is very fortunate in securing so *petite* and charming a wife to occupy it. Will madame be so good as to examine the robes, monsieur ordered yesterday? They are *charmant* robes; will madame view them?"

The pleasant French girl unlocked the rosewood wardrobe, and laid the elegant dresses upon the bed for Ida to see.

Almost confused by their number, and dazzled by their beauty, she turned them over.

"These are handsome, all, but I prefer the dress I brought. It is a wine-colored silk, and will answer very well for an informal dinner."

From her trunk, which the footman carried up, she took her only silk, new a few weeks before.

She put it on, and the set of rich old lace her mother had worn before her in their better days. A plain, yet exquisitely beautiful set of turquoise jewelry completed her toilette, and when Jeannie surveyed her she enthusiastically pronounced her "*parfaite! charmante!*"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 12.)

The White Canoe.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

MANY long years have passed away since the White Canoe, with its load of human freight, went over the thundering cataract of Niagara, a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of the Falls.

Before the foot of a white man pressed the dark solitudes of the mighty West, a barbarous custom prevailed among the Indians who dwelt on the shores of our great lakes. Upon a certain day the warriors of the Five Nations would assemble at the great cataract and inaugurate a festival in honor of the Spirit of Niagara. The festivities would conclude with an offering to the spirit.

This offering consisted of a white canoe, full of beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, which was paddled over the terrible precipice by the fairest maiden in one of the nations, who had just reached the age of womanhood.

The chosen and foredoomed maiden considered it a great honor to paddle the white canoe over the falls, and chanting her death-song, in a loud and clear voice, she would plunge into the white waters and be lost forever.

A beautiful day was drawing to a close, and the last beams of the sun fell upon two Indians standing upon the southern shore of Lake Ontario.

One was young, with sinewy limbs and flashing eyes; the other was old, and leaned on a staff. Their positions indicated that they had met upon the shore, and the old warrior regarded the youth with envying eyes, wishing that the days of his youth would return.

"I have come," spoke the young warrior, folding his strong arms over his broad breast, "to speak to Keonnomah on a subject of importance."

Pausing, as if for the purpose of framing another sentence, the warrior's gaze sought the ground, and the aged Indian spoke:

"Let Wapara speak; the ears of old Keonnomah are open to his words."

"Wapara, the White Eagle of the Senecas, will speak," said the young warrior. "Keonnomah's hair is white with the snows of four-score winters, and he is rapidly nearing the great hunting-grounds of his people. Soon his fires will die out, and the Senecas will say: 'Keonnomah is no more.' Keonnomah has no sons; but—"

"He had," interrupted the old man, sadly.

"Yes," said Wapara. "Crouching Panther has gone to the happy hunting-grounds from the waters of the Ottawa, and Fox

Foot sent ten Eries to open the Manitou's lodge for him."

Keonnomah sighed at the fate of his sons, once his pride and the Senecas.

"But they have been avenged," continued Wapara.

The old chief smiled.

"Terribly," he said, and relapsed into silence, which the young warrior interpreted as a command for him to go back to the business which had brought him to the lake.

"Though Keonnomah has no sons, he has a daughter," said Wapara. "Noweeka is the sunlight of his lodge and the joy of his life. She cheers his life with her smiles, and lights with her countenance the path that leads to the dwelling-place of Kai Ja Manitou. At Keonnomah's feet Wapara has laid the spoils of the chase and the reeking trophies of the war-path; but at Noweeka's he has laid his heart," and Wapara gallantly laid his hand upon his breast.

"Wapara loves the daughter of Keonnomah, and now he asks to become Keonnomah's son."

The silence that followed was painful to both the old Seneca and the young. Wapara left Keonnomah and walked up and down the lake shore. The old Indian wanted some time for reflection, and Wapara readily granted it.

At last the silence was broken by the voice of Keonnomah.

"Let Wapara approach and hear the words of Keonnomah."

The red lover bent his steps toward the aged chief, and stood in the tracks he had lately vacated.

"Wapara's ears are open," he said.

Keonnomah has listened to the words of Wapara, and the White Eagle has found favor in his old eyes. But Keonnomah will not decide now. When the sun rises and sets again he will decide.

"Why does not Keonnomah decide now?" cried Wapara, curbing his impatience. "Is not Wapara worthy of his daughter?"

"Great Spirit forbid!" said the old Seneca, looking upward. "Keonnomah will answer Wapara. To-morrow the warriors of the Five Nations assemble, and choose by lot a blooming maiden to guide the White Canoe over the great falls. Noweeka has just entered her nineteenth summer, and she may be chosen."

Wapara groaned; he had not thought of the assembling of the warriors. He knew that Keonnomah spoke the truth. Then it occurred to him that there were but five candidates—one in each of the nations—for the White Canoe, one of whom was to be chosen. It might be Noweeka.

"To-morrow night Keonnomah will decide," said the chief. "The warriors decide to-morrow."

Wapara knew the meaning of Keonnomah's words—if Noweeka was not doomed the coming day, she would become his bride.

"Wapara will wait," he said, "and pray to the Great Spirit to let another than Noweeka be chosen."

Then they separated; the old chief walked slowly back to his lodge, while the young, but sad warrior, hurried in an opposite direction.

Morning came and the rising sun looked upon a large assembly of warriors, upon the banks of Lake Ontario. The different tribes of the Five Nations were represented in the throng, and the five purest and fairest maidens in the great confederacy stood among them. Noweeka was there, thinking of the fate in store for one of their number.

The manner of choosing the beautiful victim was as follows. A stake was made firm in the ground some distance from where the girls stood. They were then blindfolded, and one by one, commanded to attempt to reach the post. Esteeming it a great honor to guide the White Canoe over the falls, the poor girls endeavored to gain the post. The one who was so unfortunate, was to be the offering to the Spirit of Niagara.

After being blindfolded upon the sacrificial day, of which we write, Noweeka determined to stray to the left and escape the dreadful death, to become the wife of Wapara. The poor girl stepped forward, conscious that she was going in an easterly direction from the post. Alas! how she was deceived. Suddenly her outstretched hands touched something, and, pausing, she tore the bandage from her eyes. She stood before the fatal stake; her doom was sealed! A wild shout burst from the assembled warriors when they saw Noweeka touching the stake, and the announcement was made in a loud voice.

A deep groan burst from old Keonnomah, and he tottered forward to the Onondaga chief who had charge of the festival.

"Noweeka is my only remaining child," he said, in a tremulous voice. "I can not live without her. Let another maiden take her place."

"She must die. The Great Spirit guided her to the stake," said the Onondaga.

Sadly Keonnomah embraced his child, who was taken to the council-house of the Onondagas, there to dwell until the day set apart for the festival in honor of the Spirit of Niagara.

Sad grew the heart of old Keonnomah, and whiter his hair. While Noweeka lived he would live; but once deprived of her, life would become a burden, of which he would free himself. Sad, too, was the brave red lover Wapara, the White Eagle of the Senecas. With the removal of Noweeka, he left the village of his people, and

disappeared in the great forest which stretched to the shores of Niagara.

He was not followed, for his people thought that, in the deep solitude of the wood, he was mourning the approaching fate of poor Noweeka. Had they followed him, they would have been astonished to behold him making a white canoe!

He did not cease his labor until the night preceding the one upon which Noweeka was to die. At midnight he extinguished his light, and, placing the canoe on his shoulders, started in the direction of Niagara. An hour later he was asleep in his lodge, among his people.

Before sunrise the next day the red-men began to enter the village, and when the sun looked down from the meridian the festival was at its height. There were running, wrestling, shooting, and exhibitions of prowess. The women and children took active part in the festivities, which did not decrease till midnight.

The moon rose and silvered the clouds of mist that hovered above the angry waters of Niagara, and the White Canoe was brought forth and moored at the bank. It was freighted with fruits, flowers, and the freshly-slain animals of the chase.

Presently Noweeka approached, accompanied by her aged father, who leaned on her, as he once had on his manly sons. He was loth to give up the idol of his heart, although he knew that she was going to a land of peace—our heaven, the red-man's happy hunting-grounds. He knew that he would soon follow her; but the knowledge did not console him for her loss. That day, yea, that very hour, he had pleaded for her life, but without success, for the fiat of the confederacy had been promulgated throughout the land that she must die. Their law, like that of the Medes and Persians, once published, could not be altered.

Reaching the canoe, Noweeka was pressed to her aged parent's heart, and he dropped the parting tear on her cheek. Then he bade her go and dwell with Kai-ja-Manitow until he came.

Where was Wapara? Before putting off, Noweeka looked about for her lover; but he was not to be seen. She would have encountered his gaze once more before her bark was put off into the unknown dark.

With a heart saddened by not seeing her lover, Noweeka shot her canoe from the shore, and steered it toward the center of the stream, amid the frantic yells of her race who lined the bank. Gaining the middle of the river, she steered toward the great falls, over which more than one fair representative of her sex had preceded her—the victim of her people's superstition.

It was a terrible sight to see a youthful maiden, in the silvery light of the queen of the firmament, steering her canoe toward the verge of our sublime Niagara. As Noweeka reached the center of the stream, the vast assembly on the shore became silent, and with bated breath beheld her approach the falls.

Suddenly they heard Noweeka's name shouted by a masculine voice, and the next instant a white canoe, the counterpart of the one that was bearing the maiden to destruction, shot out from the foliage of a tree which had fallen into the water, and directed its course so as to overtake the girl before she reached the falls. The savages turned their gaze to the second white canoe, and beheld in its occupant the bravest warrior among the Five Nations—Wapara, the White Eagle of the Senecas.

The race between the two canoes at once became exciting. Would Wapara be able to overtake Noweeka? If so, would he have the temerity to attempt to rescue her? The penalty for such an offense was death, which the warrior well knew.

The strong arms of Wapara lessened the distance between himself and Noweeka, and, at last, the two canoes were side by side. With deer-thongs the warrior bound the canoes together, and then clasped Noweeka in his arms.

"Together Noweeka and Wapara will go to the Great Spirit," said the doomed maiden.

"Yes," said Wapara; "without Noweeka, Wapara could not live; with her he can die."

Breathlessly the savages waited for the death-song of the couple, for they saw that Wapara was not going to attempt a rescue. It would have been futile, for they were in the rapids, and human might could not extricate them.

At last the death-song reached the ears of the assembled of the confederacy. It came in harmonious accents from the lips of the doomed:

Great Spirit, receive Wapara and Noweeka,
Let them dwell with thee forever;
They have lived and loved,
Take them to thy lodges
In the happy hunting-grounds.

Thus chanting their death-song, and clasped in each other's arms, they were borne on, and at last, disappeared in the sheet of water that poured continually over the verge of the falls.

Never again were they seen. Their bodies were not recovered, and the Indians believed that the Great Spirit had taken them from the water to his abode.

Noweeka was the last sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara, for the great prophet of the confederacy declared that the double sacrifice had appeased the spirit, and the custom was abolished.

Old Keonemah did not long survive his daughter, for a week after her tragic death

he fell asleep in his lodge, to wake on earth no more.

If my story is a sad one, reader, it is not my fault; for I have told it as it came from the lips of one of the few living representatives of the once mighty Seneca nation.

Cruiser Crusoe:

LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

It would be difficult to say how long my senses remained in this state of utter unconsciousness, but at all events it was some time, for when my hearing returned it was growing dark. A grateful shower had conducted to the saving of my life, by cooling the atmosphere.

But I was, though hearing distinctly, and looking out on the vast plain, unable to move my head, so fearfully did it ache. Then came wafted to me some singular sound, and I saw afar off, as I thought, something circling round. It was a wild beast. Now it halts, now it gazes about—and now—

My God! it is, it is my own friend and companion, my dog! Again I sunk fainting in something like a delirium of joy. When, after about five minutes, my senses once more returned, they were bending over me, on that desolate plain, my dog, my wolf, the puppies, and my zebra, who smelt at my seeming dead body with an interest which it was hard to believe.

Hark! What comes with clattering hoof and quick step? This must rouse me. I glance upward. It is the Indian girl, who reins in her stunted pony, and gliding to the ground, raises my burning head onto her knees, and chafes my temples with some alcoholic mixture. Then noticing my parched tongue, she squeezed some into it, which enabled me to speak.

"God bless you!" I murmured, unconscious that she understood me not. She made some indistinct reply, and then a tear, a fear of womanly sympathy and tenderness, fell upon my burning cheek. I could but press my lips to her hand, for I had no power to do else, and then once more my weakness overcame me, and I became insensible. I can never ascertain now what time elapsed ere this fainting-fit was over, but when it did subside, the sight that met my view was indeed gratifying.

I was seated astride of the zebra, while she walked beside, supporting me with her left hand, while her right guided her own horse. My dogs were close at hand, and then we were under the shade of deep green trees that shaded out that hot, burning sun, which had been one of the causes of my severe illness. I did not attempt to speak. It would have been useless, for though we were both human, our tongues were different, and we did not understand one another.

The caravan soon halted, and being assisted to alight—how I had held on was a mystery—my island home was before me. She had traveled thither in search of me, and finding from the state of my animals, how long I had been absent, had fed them and let them loose. But her own kindness to them induced them not to stray, so that when she took the return trail to search for me, they all remained with her, and thus were instrumental in finding me.

The horse and zebra were placed in their inclosure, and were welcomed by the younger animals with great delight. Then the old plan of a raft was resorted to, and in half an hour I was within the walls of my old hut. My birds screamed with delight, and were rewarded by a plentiful supply of grain. But my illness was too much for me. Despite every effort that I made to resist nature, I was compelled to retire to my bed, after ridding myself of those clothes which had been a burden to me for so many weary days.

Now came a time of suffering which will not readily be forgotten. I was in a raging fever, but never completely lost my consciousness. I was always athirst, and every minute wanted some attention. Never, were my being to outlast the world, shall memory fade so far as to forget her kindness, her devotion. She nursed me as if I had been her own child. Not only were her ways winning in the extreme, but her handiness was wonderful. Nothing that could do me good was omitted.

She never seemed to take any rest, for no matter when I awoke, with fevered tongue and haggard eye, there she was ready with broth or lime-juice, or something to refresh and cool me.

Then came the convalescence. It was long, but it was delightful. As soon as my strength allowed me, I shifted from my bed on the floor to my hammock, beside which she would stand for hours. Her glance was tender, pitying, and affectionate; but at last, when I began to teach her words in English, she would smile, but very, very softly, I thought sadly. Ah, me! the meaning is quite clear now, but it was not then.

I taught her the name of every thing within sight, and she was wonderfully quick to learn, quicker than I had ever seen any one before; but, then, I was certainly a very patient and devoted master.

At the end of a month, not before, I found myself up to breakfast. All this time, she

had nursed me, fed my animals, fished, hunted, and snared, and yet never seemed to be away. But, then, my hours of apathy were many.

I made her sit down now, and enjoy her meal, while I waited on her. There were eggs and broiled meat, but nothing but water to drink, and yet was the meal delightful, for we were now two instead of one. What plans for the future, what hopes, what ideas of happiness here, and of ultimate escape, flashed through my mind it would be futile to record.

We were seated side by side upon a rude bench near a rude table. I was so placed that I could see into her eyes, which danced with fun as she pronounced some new word that I had taught her. She was now able to say all such words as *water, meat, cook, come here*, and the like, with the names of all my animals, as well as many small sentences necessary to our constant intercourse.

But there was a language which she could speak as well as myself, which I was now desirous of interpreting in my favor. This was the language of the eyes. Breakfast was over. She had rejected the last morsel that I had offered her, and was, I saw, ready to rise. I felt a kind of tremor over my whole frame. Never in an encounter with animals or savages had I experienced such a sensation of genuine timidity.

But it was of no use hesitating. It could not last forever this way. What I wanted was a companion who could converse with me, who could comprehend my feelings, understand my sentiments and sympathize with me. It is truly my belief that what I desired and coveted was a wife.

I took her hand in mine, and pressed it to my lips respectfully, but with sufficient warmth to denote my real devotion and affection.

She bent her eyes upon the ground, and blushed through her dusky skin.

I now drew nearer, and passing my arm round her slender waist, whispered, in low accents, words which, of course, she did not understand, and yet which must have conveyed some meaning to her mind.

She raised her head and looked me full in the face. There was a heavenly smile upon it. She took my two hands in hers, bent low her forehead, and kissed my hands with deep respect. Then she rose, and by signs described the occasions on which I had saved her life. Her action was so dramatic I could not fail to understand. I smiled and held out my arms.

Then she came and knelted at my feet, placed my hands upon her head, and intimated that she was my slave forever.

I raised her up, pulled her to me, and, by every sign I could think of, intimated my wish that she should consider herself my equal, my companion, my wife.

I would fain have kissed her lips and clasped her to my heart; but a tear trickled from beneath her eyelid, she shook her head, and rising to her feet, spoke in low, hurried accents some words which I had taught her—sweet, beautiful child of nature!

"Come—show—cave!"

I smiled. It was charming even to hear her broken English; but, rising to my feet, I showed her that my strength was not yet sufficiently great to enable me to walk, and so went and lay me in my hammock, where I soon fell asleep. When I awoke I was alone. This, however, gave me no uneasiness, for she had many duties to perform.

Before rising to take a stroll, I communed with myself. We were alone. We were all in all to one another. Like the first man and Eve his companion, we had none to give us in marriage; but the contract could be forever made by both our hearts—if we really loved.

She did not reappear, so, desirous of taking as much gentle exercise as possible, I went down to the landing to watch for her. Yes! there she was crossing the lake, from the direction of the zebras' stable, but not as I had done on a rude raft of reeds, but on one made with poles and bamboo, quite elegant in form.

I hastened to hand her ashore, but she was too quick and too light for me. She had been feeding my animals and had also snared a large animal like a hare, which, carrying up to the house, she hastened to skin, prepare and cook. Then she sat down, and while the dinner was under way took her usual lesson, during which she asked me over and over again the meaning of such things as she had forgotten.

By great trouble I got her to understand the meaning of the word "pretty." At first she fancied that it was a part of some animal, especially as I selected the Bird of Paradise's tail as my first illustration. But when I also picked a beautiful flower, and taking her soft hand in mine, pointed to her eyes, mouth and chin, she blushed and laughed outright.

Then wishing to reward my pupil, I kissed her eyes, chin and mouth several times, she being I thought as pleased as myself, until at last she jumped up and hurried to see to the dinner.

"No! no!" were her words, "not good."

Now I had never, that I remembered, taught her this word; so I stared with surprise, at which she only laughed. The truth is, I felt very awkward and foolish. It was my fervent desire, to explain to her the state of my affections, and my wish to detain her perpetually on my island by making her my wife. But how could this be done to one so modest, innocent and simple, until

I knew her language, or she understood mine.

Then I made a stern resolve to study together without thought of any thing else, until I could say to her, in words that she could understand, "I love you."

That evening, after smoking my first pipe for a long time, I retired early to my hammock. I felt much better, and knew that a calm night's rest would enable me, perhaps, to carry out my promise to show the whole of my territory. I had been easily able to speak of my cave, as that she had seen already.

Her wonder at what I had done seemed great, as she regarded every thing with admiration.

The girl, who told me her name was Pablina, having set the dogs to their watch, and made the whole interior of the hut neat and clean, came and wished me "good-night." I was half dozing as she stooped over my hammock and kissed my forehead. I awoke and held up my lips. She shook her head, raised her finger, but ended by kissing me.

I would have detained her, but two hot tears fell upon my cheeks, and I loosened her hands. She retired to the other side of the hut and sat down upon a mat of her own making. Soon the hut was hushed in all the silence of night, save that I lay awake for a long time, gazing fondly at the gentle being opposite, as now and then the waving of the wind opened up the trees, and the moving of the leaves enabled a stray moonbeam to fall upon her exquisite and rounded limbs.

It was late when I awoke, but I was indeed very much refreshed, and felt better than I had for a very long time. I was about early, and assisted her in those duties she had voluntarily undertaken for so long a time. She lingered, I thought, a long time, over the morning meal, was peculiarly affectionate to my birds, fed my dogs, and patted them on the head in an unusually kind way.

She scarcely looked at me, and, what puzzled me more than any thing, seemed suddenly to have lost her appetite. This, in a child of nature like her, seemed strange. Then she bustled about, and saw to the raft, which required some addition to make it bear us both. At length we started, and crossing over to the shore, mounted our several naggs—riding, of course, without saddle or bridle.

Our dogs followed, and in this way my long-abandoned cave was again reached. It was much in the same state that I had left it, except that some ferocious rats had eaten up nearly all my grain. They, however, made a rapid exit when my dogs entered the cavern. Lighting a lamp or two, I visited my cave with considerable satisfaction. It no longer appeared in the least lonely.

Hand in hand, like Adam and Eve in Paradise, we roamed about, putting every thing in order, while, as the wet season was approaching, I explained by signs that we must remove our habitation. A sudden look of sadness overspread her face. A struggle of some kind was evidently going on in her mind—a great and terrible struggle, as I afterward knew.

That this beautiful child of nature loved me was certain. How, then, was this strange conduct of hers to be explained?

We dined by the pool, beneath the shade of the glorious palms, and we then wandered toward the sea-shore. She had begun to prattle English like a child, never resting a moment hardly without asking questions. She appeared deeply anxious to learn.

It was hot, and Pablina made signs that she would go into a thicket that skirted a small lagoon, and there bathe. I smiled, and indicated that I would do the same in a pool close at hand. But first I insisted in clasping her in my arms, and taking a kiss. She returned it wildly, passionately, fondly—and then walked slowly in the direction which she had previously indicated.

I sat me down on the shore and gazed out on the sea. A melancholy sensation crept over me—a sense of loneliness and sadness quite unaccountable to my senses. But do not coming ills cast their shadows before, and hint to us that something terrible is coming?

Then I rose and advanced toward the shore to bathe. Out on the open sea in her bark canoe, was Pablina. Her face was turned toward me. She knelt up in the boat and clasped her hands as if in prayer. Tears were streaming from her eyes, while her glance was imploring and beseeching—as much to say, "Forgive me, but go I must!"

I rushed into the water. A stroke of the paddle sent the canoe out of my reach.

"Come back!" I screamed, rather than said.

She shook her head mournfully, sadly, but she gave no signs of yielding.

I cast myself on my knees, and cried to her frantically not to go.

"Must—no good stop," she said, in a clear, distinct voice, that came to me like the echo of a dream.

Then, as if afraid of her own self, she paddled away, without once looking back; and I stood once more alone on that desolate and naked shore—worse than alone, for she had taken my heart with her. And I blasphemed, for I cursed her—noble, generous, true-hearted child of the sunny South, the angel of my chequered and terrible life!

But let any one place themselves in my situation, let them picture Adam in his glorious Paradise alone, and they will forgive me—for happiness was born a twin.

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ADDRESS TO A DEFUNCT CANINE.

BY W. W. POTTER.

So there ye lie, stiff in the gutter,
Bull, pointer, black-and-tan—what matter?
It doesn't make your case the better.
How proud your mark;
Death's pulled your pedigree to tatters,
And swamped your bark.

No doubt your corpse, now puffed and thick-set,
That vagrant boys throw dirt and bricks at,
And those grim teeth, where mutt and sticks yet,
Could tell a story
(It they in proper form could fix it)
Of canine glory.

Lord knows how many cats you've worried,
How many ducks and chickens skurried,
How many cold collations buried
In chips and dirt—

To eat when you, all weak and durtied,
Returned from "court."

Were you an "honorable Brutus,"
Attending strictly to your duties?
Then ye were rare—for mighty few 'tis
That virtuous keep;

Most dogs suck eggs—such their repote is—
And some kill sheep.

I trust you weren't a living luncheon,
For fleas and other guests to munch on,
Hop-scootch awhile, then bore and punch on,
And you debate—

Till your own back you'd fiercely crunch on,
After a sharp stem-chase.

Were you an honest country Towser?
Or swill-cart steed; or market browser?
Or watch-dog keen; or stupid houser?
Or else, instead,

One of that pack whose sharp boy-woofs ere
My nightly dread?

How did the King of Terriers catch you?
Did he in amorous strife o'ermatch you?
Or some policeman's "joist" fetch you
A fatal wipe?

Or vengeful Biddy's broomstick stretch you
As dead as tripe?

Though still that heart which death hath lanced,
Though stiff those limbs which gayly pranced,
Might one more question be advanced
Ere I forsake ye?

How have the sausage-makers chanced
To overlook ye?

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Love among the Grizzlies.

"Now, then, Pete, it's your turn for a story," said old Bill Wilson, as we sat around the little fire, out in the midst of the "Staked Plains." We had come on a hunting expedition, in quest of any adventure, however dangerous, so long as it was exciting; and certainly the midst of the "Llano Estacado" was the place of all others to meet with adventure. Game was plenty, and so were Indians. The former generally brings the latter.

We had so far succeeded in keeping out of sight of the Indians, and our trail differed little from that of the wild mustangs, our horses being unshod.

This evening we all felt in good spirits, and sat around our little fire of "buffalo-chips," which we had made in a hole in the ground, till pretty late.

There were six of us all told. Bullard, Weston and myself were the "greenhorns," as the old mountain-men called us, although we were old Texans, and considered ourselves by no means green. Then there was a wandering Englishman, named Sir John Wellstead, one of the queerest mortals I ever laid eyes on. Not in looks, for he was a handsome fellow enough, like one of the "heavy swells" you see in "Punch." But he seemed to have no more idea of the difference between the "Llano Estacado" and Hyde Park than if none existed. He had engaged an old mountain-man, of the name of Bill Wilson, at Galveston. The contract was that old Bill was to see him across the "Staked Plains" and into Santa Fe in safety; that he was to show him at least a hundred buffaloes, and was to keep him clear of all Indian fights. This compact had so far been kept, and old Bill was to receive five hundred dollars for his services when Sir John arrived safe at Santa Fe.

The Englishman was dressed in complete English sporting toggery, of black velvet, with knickerbockers and long gaiters; and carried a beautiful double-barreled breech-loader, of London manufacture.

The other member of our party was old Pete Wilkins, a complete specimen of the mountain-man, with a huge, grizzled beard, and long, bushy hair.

As Wilson addressed him he scratched his head.

"Waal, boys, I mout tell you a heap o' stories, but they'd be all o' the one kind, yer see. Injuns, b'ars, and buffaloes, with a wheen o' painters an' sich like, is what I c'd tell yer on as well as most fellers. But, ye've all heard them many a time, an' I'm c'en'most sick on 'em myself. Besides, ye'll see all the Injuns an' b'ars as ye'll want to see afore long, or my name ain't Pete. But, I'll tell yer what yer never will see, an' I don't expect myself ter see it ag'in, an' that is, two he-grizzlies a-chawin' o' one another up about a she-grizzly."

"Tell us about that, Pete—tell us about that," exclaimed two or three, in a breath.

"Waal, boys, 'tain't every feller as kin say he's seen sich a sight. Not but I s'pose it often happens. All animals is more or less given to fightin' about the shes. Men, their selves, ain't free from it. I remember one time gettin' into a scrimmage, way down in Houston, 'bout a gal. 'Twar in the old times, afore Houston was as much o' a place as it is now, an' the Greasers used to be about as thick as our fellers. She was a sweet little creeter, an' her name was Rosita. Dona Rosita de Palabea y Sacrificios y Gomez y—"

"Oh, stow that gab, Pete," remarked Bill Wilson. "Who the devil believes that 'ere? Why, all the Spanish you or I know mout be put in a pipe, an' I wouldn't be tasted in the tobacco for no more nor nawthin'."

"Waal, Bill Wilson, be you a-tellin' this story or be ye? 'Cause ef yer want to do it I'll shut up."

"Oh, no, go ahead, Pete, go ahead!" chorused we.

"Pray, be kind enough—aw—to continue—aw—your vewy interesting remarks—aw—Mr. Wilkins," drawled the English baronet.

"Waal, Sir John, seein' as it's you, I'll go on, but ef that all-fired cuss of a Bill Wilson puts in his jaw ag'in, I'm kerflummoxed ef I'll tell the story."

"Whar was I? Oh, about Rosita? Not that she ar' got anythin' to do with the story, only I was just a-sayin' that fellers will getter chawin' one another up 'bout wimmin,

just like the beasts; and that 'ere girl she got me inter a muss as I didn't get out of in a hurry."

"How was that, Mr. Wilkins?" inquired Sir John.

"Why, yer see, that 'twar at a fandango, an' I'd taken her thar to have a reg'lar bu'st. I'd just come in from the plains with a load o' pelts, an' I had more money 'n a horse could eat. So I picks up Rosita, an' we goes to the fandango. I s'pose she thort I c'd lick any feller in the room, an' I wanted ter. Any way, she got into a muss with another gal, as cum with a rich ranchero, as they call 'em down thar, an' first thing I knowed, thar war ha'-clawin' going on. But, fother gal weighed 'bout thirty pound more nor Rosita, an' she was a-gettin' the best of her, when I cum to the rescue an' grabbed her by the wrists, so I made her holler bloody murder. The ranchero he draws his knife an' cums for me; but, I tell yer he got the wust of it. Then there war a free fight all round, an' I got pretty near sp'iled afore they'd done. But, I laid out the ranchero an' two other Greasers, an' got home with Rosita."

"So, yer see, fellers fights about gals pretty often, in fact more often nor any thin' else."

"But, that 'ere ar'n't what I started to tell yer. 'Twar about them two grizzlies, as I seed a fightin' 'bout a she-b'ar, way out on the mountains, near Spanish Peak."

"'Twar right arter that bu'st as I've told yer on. I'd had a heap o' money, but I tell yer, boys, ef yer want to get rid o' money quick, jist go to drinkin' an' playin' three card monte, an' keepin' a gal inter the bargain. I tell yer it flies! In less nor a week I hadn't got a darned cent, and then that 'ere gal, Rosita, she goes an' takes up with another feller!"

"Waal, yer see what it is, boys, them wimmin is deceivin' creeters."

"Mr. Wilkins—aw—you're quite—aw—a philosopher—aw," observed the Englishman, approvingly.

"Don't know what that are, Sir John, but I s'pose it's sumthin' good or you wouldn't say it."

"Waal, boys, I thort I mout as well pull up stakes an' vamose the ranche afore my gal had left me, so I clears out, unbeknownst to anybody in Houston, saddles my old hoss, an' starts right on this here very track we're a-goin' now."

I'd slid behind, an' presently out o' the woods cums another old he-grizzly, an' warn't he a sockdologer? The she comes out almost at the same time, an' stops short. Then the first b'ar he rushes up to her in a hurry, but the other feller he goes for him afore he could get thar, an' then you shed 'a' seen the fur fly! Jumpin' Geerusalem! How them two grizzlies did go at it!

"The biggest feller o' the two war the second one, an' I called him 'Ole Eph'm,' while the other war jist as yer might say 'Little Billy.' Waal, Little Billy got tumbled over an' over fust, but he war like sum fellers I've seen—he c'd fight c'en'most better on his back than on his feet. Ole Eph'm knocked him down an' got on him, but Little Billy kep' a-workin' away with them hind claws o' his like a good 'un. Ole Eph'm c'd'n't get a fair chance at him with his fore paws, Little Billy wriggled so, an' presently I seed the little b'ar give the big 'un a wipe in the guts with both hind claws, an' all his innards cum a-tumblin' out. That settled the biz. Little Billy war clawed about the head and shoulders, but he warn't hurt like the other 'un. Ole Eph'm got off, an' when he went to run he c'd hardly move. Little Billy's turn was cum now, an' he rushed at Eph'm real vicious, clawin' his right eye nearly out. He kep' a-workin' at him till he'd got him killed at last. All this while the darned old she-b'ar was squatted on the ground, a-lookin' on quite unconcerned like. As soon as old Eph'm was stiff an' dead, Little Billy sails up to his gal, as I called the she-b'ar, an' they goes off inter the woods. I'd lost my bighorn, but I cuts a few steaks off ole Eph'm, an' I strips him of his pelt. 'Twar very cumfable at night."

"That's all, boys. Now, then, Billy Wilson, you all-fired old blower you, gin us one o' yer own."

The Death Leap.

BY JOSEPH E. RADGER, JR.

You ask how it was that I became lame—quoth my friend, James Morrey, filling his glass with the amber-hued Hockheimer, and then, sipping it deliberately, he resumed.

You are right; I was not so from my birth, and it only dates back to the year '52.

was the canon and shouted to Jack not to move lest he should stumble over.

How the night passed, I can not tell. It seems to chill my veins even now. The loud, hoarse roaring of the water dashing madly over the terrible rocks; the dense vapor rising, and the intense cold. Ah, it was a horrible night, one that I shall never forget! But then it began to grow light, and when the day fairly broke, we could discern our position. And such a one!

In falling we had alighted upon a narrow ledge, the snow partially breaking our fall, while Mohave Tom had doubtless been dashed to pieces far below. The cliff, nearly perpendicular, could not have been scaled by a cat; below for a hundred feet it was the same. We crept along the ledge as far as it extended upon either hand, and returned with the same report; it ran out to nothing! We had no ropes; our clothes would not suffice to reach half-way down to the next ledge, if all joined together. Help was not to be expected, although we shouted until we could only emit hoarse whispers. Thirst and hunger assailed us, and we had but snow—snow that only increased our tortures. Another night and day would finish us as we but too well knew. And late in the afternoon, Jack spoke:

"Jim, I've been thinking. We must not stay here another night, and for my part, I won't. Do you see that ledge yonder?" and he pointed to a shelf about five feet wide, upon the opposite side of the canon. "Well, I believe we can reach that, and if so, we are saved, as it leads up to yonder ravine. Will you risk it? It will be a leap for life or death. If we succeed, good; if not"—and he paused, pointing at the rocks below.

Desperate as I had grown, I could not listen without a shudder, for it seemed like certain death. And so would you have thought. The ledge was some fifteen feet below our level, and the canon nearly twenty feet wide at that point. But there was no snow or ice upon it, and if one once gained a foothold it would be safe. But the leap! Truly it was as he had said, a leap for life or death.

We could now see the full extent of the terrors below, and as we looked more closely, the dark stains upon one rock, left no doubt as to what had been the fate of our unfortunate guide. It seemed as if such would be the doom of any one mad enough to attempt the leap; and we sat in silence for another hour.



THEY WERE BENDING OVER ME ON THAT DESOLATE PLAIN, MY DOG, MY WOLF, THE PUPPIES AND MY ZEBRA.

"I cum along poaty rapid at fust, but when I got inter the Apache country I had ter be cautious, for Injun signs were thick thar."

"But, I got along pretty well till I got near Spanish Peak, when I stumbles on a war-party o' darned Cheyennes, an' they put fer me. I makes my old gray git like a streak, and I tell yer them fellers giv me a hard run. At last I got off safe up a gorge o' the mountains, an' the skunks lost the track. I c'd hear 'em a-yellin' an' hollerin' away like mad down below, but as I got on they seemed to get further 'n further, an' finally I lost 'em."

"I was growin' night then, an' I thought 'twar lucky fer me. I stole a march on the Cheyennes in the night, an' afore mornin' I'd put twenty miles between us, an' felt safe."

"Then I thort I might as well go inter camp an' have a rest, but I'd nawthin to eat. Howsumdover, I hobbled the old gray, an' tuk the saddle off o' him, an' then I started out to look for game."

"I soon seed a bighorn on top of a rock arter I'd gone through the thickets some distance, and I did my darnedst to circumvent him. I crawled around as quiet as I c'd, an' arter a still-hunt o' nearly two hours I'd got within shot."

"I was jist a-goin' to fire when I heerd a snortin' not far off, an' I looked 'round. Geesholaphat! Thar war an old grizzly a-walkin' out o' a glade in the pine woods, jist as sarcy as ef he owned the place. Tell yer what 'tis, boys, I let that bighorn slide, while I looked at the grizzly. He hadn't seen me I thort. At least he didn't look my way. He marches out into the middle of the clearin' an' he commences to holler. 'D'ye ever heer a grizzly holler? Sumthin' 'twen a roar an' a howl, an' presently some one answered the darned brute. 'Tain't no use sayin' I wasn't afeard. I war. Here war two o' the pesky brutes a-comin', an' I left my horse. I war in luck in one thin' though. Thar war lots o' trees, an' I knew thet ef the wust cum to the wust, I'd maybe hev time to git up one."

"But, all the while I was a-thinkin' an' a-swearin', them two darned grizzlies war a-swearin' each other an' gittin' nearer. An' afore long I heerd another grizzly a-hollerin', an' I knowed from the tone 'twar a she-b'ar."

"Heer war sumthin' a-cummin', I kep' as still as a mouse, behind a big rock that

If you care to listen I will tell you the adventure, although it is a sad theme to me, not alone from its leaving me a cripple, but because at the same time I lost one of my earliest, truest friends. You did not know him—Jack Grable? No, else you would have remembered him."

Well, at that time, '51 and '52, I was an enthusiast in the study of botany and geology, and having money enough to spare, I traveled considerably, and one day found us two, together with a guide, Mohave Tom, exploring in south-eastern California. We had spent several days at Soda Lake very pleasantly, and profitably too, for that matter, and had started at early dawn for the "Old Crater," some distance above where we were, and on the other side of the Mohave. It was growing late in the season, was already very cold; and from thence we intended to strike for San Bernardino, to winter.

A heavy snow had fallen, and this was frozen hard upon the higher ground, though soft and yielding in the valleys, so our guide led us along the ridges where we were forced to clamber over rocks and snow-banks; but it was the best we could do. The sun set while yet we were among the mountains, and seeing a sheltered spot at some distance ahead and below us, where the snow had melted away, we began the descent. For a time all was well, by using great caution, and joining hands as we wound around the side of a precipice upon a narrow shelf that would barely allow one man to walk abreast.

The river, not yet frozen over, roared and tumbled among huge, jagged rocks, the tops of which we could faintly distinguish, hundreds of feet below us, so nearly straight down that a man could alight fairly in it, by making a straight leap from where we stood. The opposite bank rose still higher, and sloped inward, being wider at the base than the top.

Then Mohave Tom gave a wild yell; I heard a rumbling noise, and then we fell down—down until with a horrible jar, I lost my senses. It must have been hours before I regained my consciousness, and when my eyes opened I saw far above me, through what seemed a crevice only a yard wide, the bright twinkling stars. I called aloud, and heard a faint groan at a little distance, and then Grable spoke. I half arose to join him, but then I staggered back, clinging to the cold rock with the energy of despair. A deep, dense blackness lay at my feet, reaching to within a yard of me. I knew that it

Then Jack arose, and I saw from the steel-like glitter in his blue eyes that he had decided. I attempted to reason with him, but he would not answer; the cold gray look upon his face did that. He tightened his belt, after buttoning his coat inside his waist-band; with his collar fastened and his hat pulled down to his eyes, he gave me a few hasty directions as to what I should do, did I escape alone, and then drew back for the leap. He took a short run, thus being forced to spring partially sideways, and then darted off over the horrible depth. I closed my eyes and listened as if my brain would burst. I heard a fall, and then came a long, despairing shriek that I often hear again in my sleep as that painful scene passes before me.

Looking down, I saw poor Grable frantically trying to drag himself upon the shelf, while his body hung suspended over the frightful abyss. His feet had struck the escarpment, and then slipping, his arms alone sustained him; pressing upon the smooth, hard rock. I could see his fingers in vain searching for some crevice, sufficient to draw him from the jaws of death, while he slowly slipped lower. Lower and lower he slipped, so slowly and gradually that it seemed ages; until his head was below the level. I could see his face so horribly distorted, so full of terror; and I could do nothing to save him!

To save my own life I could not have closed my eyes or turned away from the sight, until with one wild, agonizing wail, he loosed his hold and plunged down to a cruel death upon the foam-crested rocks. Then I fainted, and it was night before I awoke, shrieking out in my horror, for I had dreamed I was in the same situation that I had seen my friend, as I have often done since.

Well, not to dwell; on the next day I grew so desperate, that I, too, made the leap. I closed my eyes and fell in a senseless heap fairly upon the ledge. Then I finally managed to find my way out of the canon, and stumbled upon a party of Pinos who conveyed me to San Bernardino, where I lay a raving maniac for weeks, and convalesced only to find myself a cripple, my left knee having been shattered as I lighted from the leap; and my leg has been stiff ever since, as you see. How I managed to walk or crawl with it, God only knows, but in my delirium I did not heed it.

That adventure cured me of my wandering, and to this day I am often tortured with horrible dreams of that "Death Leap."

SONG—FROM THE HINDOO.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

By the village spring we sat for hours together,
With voices soft and low;

In the village spring our faces glowed together,
So many years ago;

While over the rocks with moss and mold,
The sweet clear waters rippled and rolled,

And her hair it fell with glory of gold,
Over her shoulders of snow,

As we sat for hours and hours together,
Ages and ages ago.

By the village spring we sang our songs together,
Through all years they seemed to flow;

By the village spring we dreamed our dreams together,
Too many years ago.

These incidents I love to recall,
For three weeks after, in spite of them all—

And in a manner quite bewildering—
She married a widower with thirteen children.

(This fact is certainly so.)
And she quite forgot the hours we sat together,

Ages and ages ago.

Beat Time's Notes.

BEHIND TIME.

TIME goes on although watches may stop, and your last quarter's rent be overdue. The more you try to bind him, the faster is he bound to go. You can not get ahead of him, and it will put you to your utmost effort to keep up with him. People who are behind time lack the 2-4-0 principle which is said to go on wheels; and it is of this class of persons I would like to speak—with gentleness, however, for I am a man of the world, insulting nobody; patting every one on the back, and believing in everybody—especially in myself.

When I see a man weighing out sixteen ounces to the pound, or measuring out four pecks to the bushel, I am very much disposed to take him aside and tell him he is behind time.

When I see a man doing his very best to be honest, and can't be, I go up to tell him he is behind time, but, on second consideration, I tell him to go ahead.

That man is behind time who conceives the idea that Providence only made one extraordinary man, and that man is the fellow who occupies his boots.

When I see a man in a quiet congregation vainly try for half an hour to brush a sun-beam off his black coat, thinking it is dust, I think his perception is behind time.

I think that man's mind is behind time, who, at the theater, suddenly remembers he has forgotten something, and feeling in all his vest and coat pockets to find what it is, at last discovers that it is only his wife, and feels relieved.

I judge that young lady to be vastly behind time who married a man of ninety for the purpose, she said, of clinging to her old love.

That man is behind time who gets his life insured at the request of his wife only.

I think the Mayor is behind time who does not reverse the saying that the money makes the mare go.

It is a sure sign of being behind time when you see a young man of great tenderness—about the head—sitting in a crowd of young ladies, so much like silence personified that you would have to put a plaster on his mouth to draw his words out.

One thing is certain: a man of strong present is hardly ever behind time longer than three days of not very easy grace.

The farmer who allowed the boulders to remain in his fields simply because, he said, God had placed them there, by a little squeeze would come in the list of behind-times, although he gives as a reason that his brother owned a farm once, and when he hauled the boulders all off, he had to descend to his farm with a ladder.

When I see an old maid of forty-two putting on the hues of twenty-four, I believe it is her inalienable right to make herself as much behind time as she can.

I believe that the fellow who marries a woman with more figures in her years than in her fortune, has a taste very much behind time.

Should I pass a middle-aged lady without speaking, the next time I meet her I apologize by telling her I mistook her for her daughter, whom I don't know. Such an apology is never behind time. It's good.

I know a man who is more polite to beggars than any other persons, because he has read that rags sometimes cover angels in disguise, and is, of course, very much behind time. Angels are now only looked for in silks.

The man who was knocked into the middle of next week has got back, and is, of course, in his old place again, behind time. But I must stop, lest I be too much behind time in regard to my supper as I am behind time in these paragraphs.

I DON'T believe I am much of a horse—or a horse-man. I hired one the other day, and he wasn't as easy to ride as a log, hardly. When he trotted he would send me up, and then meet me as I came down. I had a little boy to run out and stop him while I got down and filled my coat-pockets full of stones for ballast. This did better. But I got him into a gallop, and my feet flew out of the stirrups, and I dropped the reins of government, and threw my arms around his neck to hold on. I felt that Queen Victoria's throne in the presence of thirteen Fenians was not more unstable than my own, and I verily wished my horse was stable.

One boy yelled for me to stop and see my grand-mother, and eye-glasses were brought to bear on me. I felt like a mule in a storm, but, unlike him, I wanted to go down. Finally, he went through a toll-gate, and as the pole was down he left me hanging on it. The horse didn't stop. His legs were found scattered along the road, and his body, like John Brown's, went marching on. I came home in a wheelbarrow, and if I ever ride horse-back again, you may kick yourself as long as you can find me.

HOWEVER mean my act, I am always ready to forgive myself; but when my neighbor is the guilty one, then—well, it's a different thing altogether!

THE biographer of the late General Shot-in-back, in describing how he was the first to take the field, and was always at the front, somehow forgot to say that the field he took was a cornfield, and that when he was at the front it was generally on a retreat. Why can't a biographer be careful, and give us a little more of the details?

Yours, for all time,

BEAT TIME.